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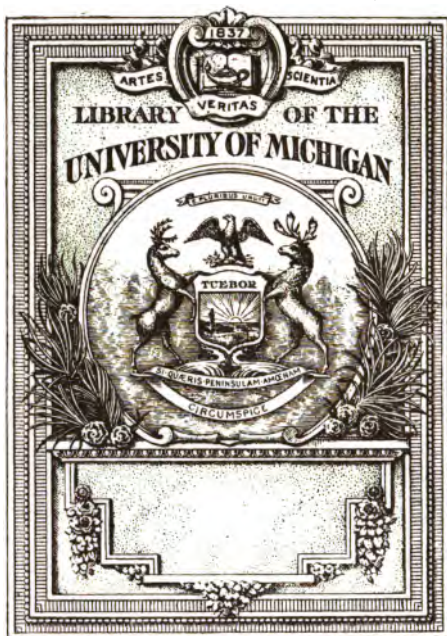
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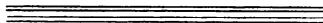
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FROM

THE QUARRIES



SOME PRACTICAL
THOUGHTS ON AN
EVERY DAY WORK-
ING FREEMASONRY



WILLIAM FREDERICK KUHN, P. G. M., Etc.



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

1915

Price 70 Cents, Postpaid



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DEDICATION

THE Temple of Solomon was wrought according to a Divine plan by practical workmen. Freemasonry is not a theory, neither a mere speculative plan incapable of a practical application. It must be wrought into beauty and effectiveness by the skilled workmen who are Freemasons in truth.

Therefore, this book is Fraternally dedicated to the Freemason who is a Freemason and not merely a member of some Masonic Lodge.

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PROLOGUE

THE unseen player on the golden harp of Freemasonry has touched a sweeter chord; its notes speak of love, of joy, of gladness; whose harmonies will touch the heart of this cold, selfish world. Its seraphic sweetness will be carried, as on the wings of the morning, to the uttermost parts of the earth, to hamlet and palace, to the rich and the poor, that it will roll back in a mighty chorus from royal men, repeating the angelic song of Bethlehem's plains: "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, and Good Will to Men."

W. F. K.

Rialto Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

THE DEGREE OF ENTERED APPRENTICE

THE SCRIPTURAL READING

BEHOLD, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garment; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore.—Psalm CXXXIII:1-3.

The Scriptural readings in the three degrees of Freemasonry are so often not understood, often not heard and very often so poorly recited or read, that they are entirely lost upon the candidate. Why these particular selections are read at this particular time and why read at all is an unsolved problem to many Masons. It is even possible that some think that these Readings are inserted to give the Master something to do and to have something going on during the perambulations.

The three degrees teach separate and distinct truths; each peculiar to itself. The degree of Enter Apprentice teaches pure morality; the degree of Fellow Craft inculcates the necessity of knowledge; the Master's degree teaches immortality; it is the spiritual degree. It necessarily follows that the ceremonials of each degree must

tend to make plain and enforce the lessons intended to be conveyed. These scriptural Readings stand at the very entrance to greet and impress the candidate with the importance of the lesson. This Reading is not an idle ceremony to be given perfunctorily, illiterately or irreverently. The manner of its delivery is a good gauge of the quality of the Master.

The Scriptural Reading of the degree of Entered Apprentice is both an Invocation and a Benediction, beautiful in language, graphic in metaphor and lofty in ideals. In the Revised Version it reads:

Behold, how good and pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity.
It is like the precious oil upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard,
Even Aaron's beard:
That came down upon the skirts of his garments.
Like the dew of Hermon
That cometh down upon the mountains of Zion;
For there Jehovah commanded the blessing,
Even life forevermore.

This Psalm has been called "The Excellency of Brotherly Unity," and its meaning is not difficult to understand. The first sentence is an exclamation, not of surprise, but an exclamation of

joyous exultation. The imperative verb, "Behold," is a demand to look, to see: "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." A unity of mutual assistance, of harmony, of forbearance, of brotherly love and good will. That unity of which St. Paul speaks: "Be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

The second sentence is a beautiful metaphor, in which this unity is likened to "the precious oil upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard." The precious oil referred to is that of Ex. 30:25; "And thou shalt make an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compounded after the art of the perfumer; it shall be the holy anointing oil." This oil was made by direct command of the Lord and was to consist of the three principal spices, of myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, with acasia and olive oil. With this oil Moses was commanded to anoint "The tent of the meeting, the Ark of the Testimony, the tables and the vessels thereof, the Altar of incense, and the Altar of burnt offering." "And thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons and sanctify them." The beard among the Hebrews, as well as among other ancient nations, was considered a badge of honor; the more luxuriant the beard the greater the honor of the man. In this Reading the heavy and long beard of Aaron is mentioned as coming down upon the skirts (collar) of his garments.

This unity is, therefore, considered as holy and sacred. It is compared to the holy oil

with which the tent, the altars and the vessels used in worship were anointed and sanctified; like the holy anointing oil by which Aaron, honored by God, physically and spiritually, was set apart to the exalted position of the High Priesthood.

Not only is this unity among the brethren holy and sacred, but the second metaphor compares it to the Dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion.

The symbolism of the dew is one of a refreshing and a blessing. Palestine has its rainy season and its season of drought; for a period after the spring rain ceases and before the fall rains begin, the dew is very abundant and heavy, thereby proving a refreshing blessing to man, beast and vegetation.

Mt. Hermon is the highest mountain peak in Palestine and is situated east of the river Jordan. Frequent allusion is made to this mountain in the Bible as in Deut. 4:48, "Even unto Mount Zion, which is Hermon." The figure of speech in comparing the Church or the people of God to a mountain is equally frequent, implying stability, power and greatness.

The dew of Hermon is referred to as of special refreshing power, this is only possible from the fact that Mt. Hermon is covered with perpetual snows giving life to all streams that flow from or by its base. It also makes possible the physical phenomenon of dew which is a condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere, furnished by the eternal snows. Even today the natives of Pal-

estine point with pleasure to Mt. Hermon, the mountain of blessing, to the stranger as he enters the land.

Where brotherly love rules, there peace will abide; where peace, harmony, and love prevail, there God promises, "Even life forever more."

THE PLUMB LINE

THUS he showed me: and, behold, the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumb-line, with a plumb-line in his hand.

And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumb-line. Then said the Lord, Behold, I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel; I will not again pass by them any more. (Amos, VII:7-8.)

The Degree of Fellow Craft considers the material interests of life and man's intellectual nature. Its object is to stimulate every incentive to pursue and attain those things that go to make up man's welfare and comfort in material things and in his mental development and satisfaction. The Degree addresses itself to the workman in the clay grounds, to the man who is engaged in the realms of the intricate sciences, to the liberal arts, and to the practicable application of all scientific knowledge to a useful end.

The scriptural Reading of this Degree is, often, an enigma, and the only relation that this Reading bears to the degree to the average Mason, is the occurrence of the word, "Plumb-line," which somehow has something to do with the erection of walls and buildings. To understand this scriptural Reading and its relation to the Degree of Fellow Craft, it is necessary to know the history and the application of this vision of the Prophet Amos.

Amos lived and taught in the year 787 B. C. during the reign of Jereboam II, of the kingdom of Israel. The reign of Jereboam II, was chiefly characterized by mere formal religion and the arrogant assumption of power, cruel oppression for the accumulation of wealth for himself and his nobles, through violence and oppression. The poor could not obtain justice in the courts, and justice became rank injustice. It was a reign of the typical practical politician who feasted and fattened off the poor and the oppressed. In this reign of wealth and degradation of the poor, Amos, the socialist, arose and with fiery eloquence denounced the social conditions existing. He speaks of himself as "I was no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I was a shepherd and dresser of sycamore." One of the ablest Commentators speaks of him as follows: "Amos was the first great social reformer known in history; he was the tribune of the poor and oppressed. The rich and the rulers and those in authority were the special objects of his attacks. By them he was silenced as a dangerous agitator and banished from the Kingdom."

It was to correct the abuses of the very things inculcated in the Degree of Fellow Craft, that he laid aside his shepherd's crook to preach righteousness and justice. He might be called the prophet of the Plumb-line. Listen to his denunciations, as he applies the plumb-line to the rulers.

Alas, for those who turn judgment to worm-
wood,
And cast righteousness to the ground,
Who hate him that reproves in the gate,
And who abhor one who speaks uprightly.

Therefore, because ye trample upon the weak
And take from him exactions of grain,
House of hewn stone have ye built,
But ye shall not dwell therein;
Charming vineyards have ye planted,
But ye shall not drink the wine;

They who lie on ivory couches,
And sprawl upon divans,
And eat lambs from the flocks
And calves from the stall,
They drawl to the sound of the lyre,
Like David, they devise for themselves in-
struments of song,
And drink bowlsful of wine,
And anoint themselves with the finest oil,
But they do not grieve over the ruin of
Joseph.

It is not surprising that he was banished
from the country; truth hurt just as much in the
centuries of the past, as at present.

In his final effort to arouse the people, he
made use of intensely graphic word pictures in
the form of visions. In metric form of the re-
vised version they are as follows:

Thus the Lord showed me,
And, behold, he was forming locusts,
When the late spring grass began to come up.
And when they were making an end
Of devouring the vegetation of the land,
I said, O Lord, Jehovah, forgive, I pray;
How can Jacob stand, for he is small?
Jehovah repented concerning this;
It shall not be, said Jehovah.

Thus the Lord showed me,
And, behold, he was giving command to execute judgment
By fire—the Lord Jehovah.
And it devoured the great deep,
And had begun to devour the tilled land.
Then I said, O Lord, Jehovah, cease I pray;
How can Jacob stand, for he is small?
Jehovah repented concerning this;
Neither shall this be, said Jehovah.

Thus the Lord showed me,
And, behold, the Lord was standing
Beside a wall, with a plumb-line in his hand.
And Jehovah said to me,
What doest thou see, Amos?
And I answered, A Plumb-line;
Then the Lord said, Behold, I am setting a
plumb-line
In the midst of my people Israel;
I will not again pass by them any more.

In placing the visions of the plague of locusts, of the drought, and of the plumb-line in the sequence, the meaning of the last line, "I will not again pass by them any more," is readily understood. The Lord's hand was stayed in the first and second vision by the prayerful and faithful Amos and the vengeance of the Lord "passed by," but in the vision of the plumb-line, he set a standard of measurement that can never be changed. The plumb-line, the symbol of national and individual rectitude and justice will stand forever. "He will not again pass by them any more." It will endure and cannot be stayed.

The third vision contains the very essence of true worth and greatness. The plumb-line is the test of values. Twenty-four centuries before Speculative Freemasonry was born, this simple shepherd held aloft the plumb-line whose symbolic meaning was the same then, as today—the standard of rectitude, justice, uprightness and true manhood. As such it is one of the most impressive symbols in Freemasonry; as such it stands preeminent in the Degree of Fellow Craft; the symbol by which the material interests of life must be gauged and by which the use of Man's intelligence must be tried. The symbolism is so plain, that it does not need any profound philosophy to unfold it, neither is it necessary to search for it along "geometrical lines." It stands, clear simple, and profound.

It matters not whether the Freemason toils as a day laborer in the clay grounds between Suc-

coth and Zaredatha, or stands as the exponent of the liberal arts and sciences; there is but one standard for king or subject, rich or poor, educated or illiterate, the plumb-line of moral rectitude must be applied in every walk in life.

WHEN THE ALMOND TREE BLOSSOMS

THE Scripture Reading in the Master's Degree belongs to the best productions of Hebrew literature. In all literature, there are few that excel it.

It is full of imagery, eloquence and beauty. In outward form it is poetic; a prose poem. It is a beautiful example of balanced phrases, gnomic in expression, abounding in metaphor, and Semitic parallelism. An intense and graphic description of old age. It is to be regretted that the literary excellency of the Old Testament is so often overlooked and the metaphors not understood. It is indeed true, that to the Gentile Church and to Masonry has fallen the honor of perpetuating the rare beauty of the literary art and the deep religious thought and feeling of the Hebrew Prophets, Poets, Priests and Sages?

The arrangement of the Discourse into verses, often mars the connection and continuity of the thought. The Revised Translation of this Reading is herewith given, and while it may destroy the beauty of some of the metaphors and take away some old familiar friends, yet the Discourse, as a whole, is much improved, is better connected in thought and more clearly stated. It will be noted that the future tense of the old, gives place to the aphoristic mode of expression in using the present tense.

The gloomy picture of old age, as delineated by Ecclesiasticus is from the human side and as a result of disobedience to the injunction: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come."

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw night, when thou shalt say:—"I have no pleasure in them."

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fall, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the street:

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the

REMEMBER thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say:—"I have no pleasure in them;" before the sun, the light, the moon and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the house-guards tremble, and the strong men bow; when the maidens grinding corn cease because they are few, and those who look out of the window are darkened, and the street-doors are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low; when one starts up from sleep at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low, and one is afraid of that which is high, and terrors are in the way; when the almond tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden, and all stimulants fall; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners

golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it. (Eccl., XII: 1-7.)

go about the streets; before the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it. (Revised Version.)

In this vivid imagery of old age, we have a minor chord, a note of sadness.

Has old age no recompense, no pæan of victory, no laurel wreath of race well run? Is there no sunlight in the realm of three score years and ten?

Let us not mistake Ecclesiastes; The Preacher has not drawn aside the veil, that hides the Holy of Holies of the spiritual nature of man, but he has with the brush of experience, placed upon the canvas, mortal man, nature's child, unadorned and human.

It is old age with its mental enfeeblement, with its physical decay, bringing to you and to me, the Master, man, two great lessons:—That youth is the vigorous season of life; youth the seed time; youth with its possibilities, prophetic of the future; a harbinger of sunshine, when the almond tree blossoms:—and to remember our Creator in the days of our youth before the sad days come.

The Preacher graphically refers, in verses one and two, to the mental attitudes of old age toward the Past and to the Present. The recollection of the former brings no joy, in the latter

he feels like "one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead and all but he departed." The cup of life is nearly drained; the joys of youth but annoy and irritate; nothing satisfies him; he is querulous and fretful. The years have drawn nigh, in which he can say, "I have no pleasure in them."

He is a wanderer in a strange land, speaking in sadness:—Remember, before the sun of Ambition, the light of Hope, the silver sheen of the moon of Happiness, and the stars of Faith, be darkened, or the clouds of unrest and of disappointment play like a weaver's shuttle over the sky, obscuring the light and shutting out the rainbow of promise.

Verses three and four represent the cessation of the activities of life, the decay of the natural powers of man and his failing physical structure.

The comparison is to that of a great house falling into ruin, while the activities of the inhabitants therein are gradually ceasing.

How startling, in its naturalness, is the description of the old man with trembling arms and hands,—“the keepers of the house”—as he slowly moves along, while the legs,—“the strong men”—are like the columns of the building, tottering under the weight of years; bent (flexed), at the knees, like a bow, through weakness and decrepitude. The maidens—the teeth—have ceased grinding the corn, because they are few.

Failing sight, has dimmed the "windows of the soul," the eyes are darkened. His wants are few, the avenues to the senses are slowly closing; visitors to his mind and heart are diminishing; it is seldom that any one knocks; "the street doors are shut." The sound of the grinding is low, feeble, almost pulseless; the machinery of life no longer throbs with the force of its former power.

He is "Worn out with age, yet majestic in decay."

Sleep, "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," is fitful and restless, even the voice of the bird as it chants its early matin disturbs his uneasy slumbers. In vain would he say:

"For I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught;

And with the iron crown of anguish crowned,
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep."

"All the daughters of music are brought low," because the avenues of all enjoyment are dulled, insensible and clouded. The daughters of music, attending angels, tender, solicitous and loving, have ceased their ministrations. Music, the universal language of the world, finds no responsive chord. The memory of a mother's voice, a father's council, of friends of long ago; the laughter and melodies of the Past, quicken not

the pulse beat, stir not the harmonies of the soul. The lute of life is broken.

The first portion of the fifth verse delineates more literally the waning powers. With all the senses dulled, the muscular powers weakened, the nervous system unresponsive, he totters on his uneasy, uneven way, fearing lest he stumble:

"The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground, with his cane."

Truly, he is afraid of that which is high and fear is in the way.

The blossom of the almond tree, as it bursts into bloom, is of a delicate pink color and unfolds its tinted petals before the leaf appears; when therefore seen from a distance the tree seems to wear a crest of white.

The striking appearance of the dead branches covered with a burst of silver, to that of old age with its crown of white hair, has given us one of the most beautiful metaphors: "The almond tree blossoms."

This metaphor as expressed in the revised version is far more appropriate and impressive than: "The almond tree shall flourish."

The grasshopper (locust) is a burden, because the lightest weight is onerous; every effort is oppressive; the smallest task is irksome; little things worry and annoy until they appear as a cloud of locusts devouring and devastating everything pleasurable and gratifying to life.

All stimulants (desires) fail. The end is at hand. The goads to further activity bring no response. The race is run. There is in life nothing that longer charms. The armor will soon fall from the trembling body. The summons comes: "Because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." He is borne to the grave and the funeral cortege is seen upon the streets.

In the sixth verse, the Preacher refers again to the admonition of the first clause of the first verse, which, when placed with its context will read: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the silver chord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it."

Here again is an impressive metaphor of man's final dissolution; more graphic, more poetical and the most beautiful trope ever penned by mortal man.

The silver cord refers to the spinal cord or marrow, from its silvery appearance. The golden bowl to the brain, the seat of man's intelligence. The pitcher broken at the fountain refers to the circulation of the blood, dipping the vital fluid with a pitcher from the fountain. The wheel refers to the heart, the force pump, the wheel that draws the water from the cistern. These four physiological conditions are essential to health, and man dies when one or more are broken.

The fountains of life have ceased to flow. The dust or physical body shall be resolved into its original elements. Earth to Earth; Ashes to Ashes. But the spirit of man shall return unto God who gave it.

Immortality is the great doctrine of Masonry. Without this doctrine, there is no Masonry. Immortality, Man's inheritance from the Father.

"It must be so, Thou reasonest well;—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST

THE APOSTLE OF LOVE

ASONIC lodges are dedicated to the Saints John; St. John, the Baptist; and St. John, the Evangelist. The festival days of these two saints occur on the 24th of June and the 27th of December, respectively. The incorporation into Freemasonry of these two saints occurred sometime during the middle ages, through the influence of the Catholic Church of which the operative Masons at that time were members. For many years the name of St. John, the Baptist, was used alone, but later the other St. John was added.

St. John, the Evangelist, is known as "The Beloved" and many reasons may be assigned for the use of this Saint in connection with Freemasonry. This great character appears in Freemasonry only in a symbolic sense as he never was a member of the Fraternity.

The symbolism and entire fabric of Freemasonry centers in and revolves around one common center, the Master's Word. It was St. John who wrote: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." The connection between St. John, the Evangelist, and Freemasonry is therefore very close.

In the symbolism of the early Christian Church, St. John is always represented as an Eagle. Its symbolism is nearly the same as that

of the Dove, but as the Dove was emblematical of Christ and the Holy Spirit, the Eagle was used to represent St. John, which in ancient Hebrew symbolized the Divine Spirit.

The Coat of Arms of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, the Grand Lodge (Ancients) of England, was a shield, in the quarterings of which was a Lion, an Ox, a Man, and an Eagle. This Shield to-day is the Grand Standard of the Royal Arch; the Lion represents the tribe of Judah and Purity, the Ox represents Ephraim and Fervency, the Man represents Reuben and Union, and the Eagle represents Dan and Brotherhood.

In the early Christian Art, the four greater Apostles are always symbolized by the winged Lion, representing St. Mark; the winged Calf (Ox), representing St. Luke; the winged Man, representing St. Matthew; and the Eagle, representing St. John.

The Eagle having the two-fold meaning: The Divine Spirit and the Perfect Vision of the New Revelation. St. John, therefore, stands in Freemasonry as the symbol of the Divine Spirit in man, the perfect vision or perfect knowledge, and Brotherhood. These attributes when fully apprehended will end in perfect Love.

St. John may well be called the apostle of Love; the Messenger of the Gospel of Love. If there is one thing that the New Dispensation teaches above all else, it is Love. This is the New Commandment: "That ye love one another."

Read his story of Christ, his Epistles and Revelations and see and hear how St. John dwells on the Love of God and our duty to each other. The peculiar importance that he ascribes to love has been noted by all commentators.

St. John lived to be a very old man and in his declining years, when he was unable to preach, he kept repeating to his friends: "Little children love one another, enough is done, if this is done." Brotherhood is a delusion and an impossibility, if we cannot accept the teachings of St. John. If he stands for anything in Freemasonry, above all things else, it is for the doctrine:—Love one another.

Our Patron Saints stand as the symbols of that which makes a Fraternity great, and without which there can be no brotherhood. St. John, the Baptist, as the Lion of Courage; St. John, the Evangelist, the Eagle of Divine power in love for humanity.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

A VOICE

ST. JOHN, the Baptist, was neither a moral, intellectual or physical coward. His denunciation of immorality in high places, his intellectual acumen, in subordination to his spiritual concepts, and his martyrdom; all attest his prowess in the vicissitudes and dangers of life. He is characterized as a "Voice." This graphic description implies that he was a personality, not a machine. He was himself and not an echo, a man and not a wax cylinder.

He stands as one of the Patron Saints of Freemasonry, and the question may arise, why was St. John chosen as a Patron Saint, as only the most credulous believe him to have been a member of the Fraternity? We love to think of him as a Patron Saint, because it perchance tickles our vanity to have our Fraternity so closely allied and connected with the great figure in history who ushered in the momentous spiritual revolution in Judea as the forerunner of Christ. In this self laudation we fail to catch the real reason; why he is one of our Patron Saints. In our zeal for the antiquity of our Fraternity, we overlook the symbolism of him in Freemasonry. It has been well said, that there is no word or sign or anything in Freemasonry that does not bear some lesson to the novitiate.

Here in the beginning, in the E. A. degree, he stands as the bold, uncompromising character.

He symbolizes in the Fraternity the real spirit of its life and mission. That it should always be bold, courageous and steadfast, even to martyrdom in the principles that it teaches. There was nothing of the crafty, shifting and vacillating make-up of the modern political demagogue. Nothing of the shilly-shally, doughy "Uriah Heap" in his mental and moral character; no sickly, aenemic, spineless constitution, but a voice, a man. The strength of the Christ-like spirit of Freemasonry is emphasized in this bold and fearless man.

Positiveness, with modesty, was his essential characteristic. His language was ever clear, incisive and resolute. His rebuke of sham and pretense had the ring of pure steel and his preaching the defiance of martyrdom.

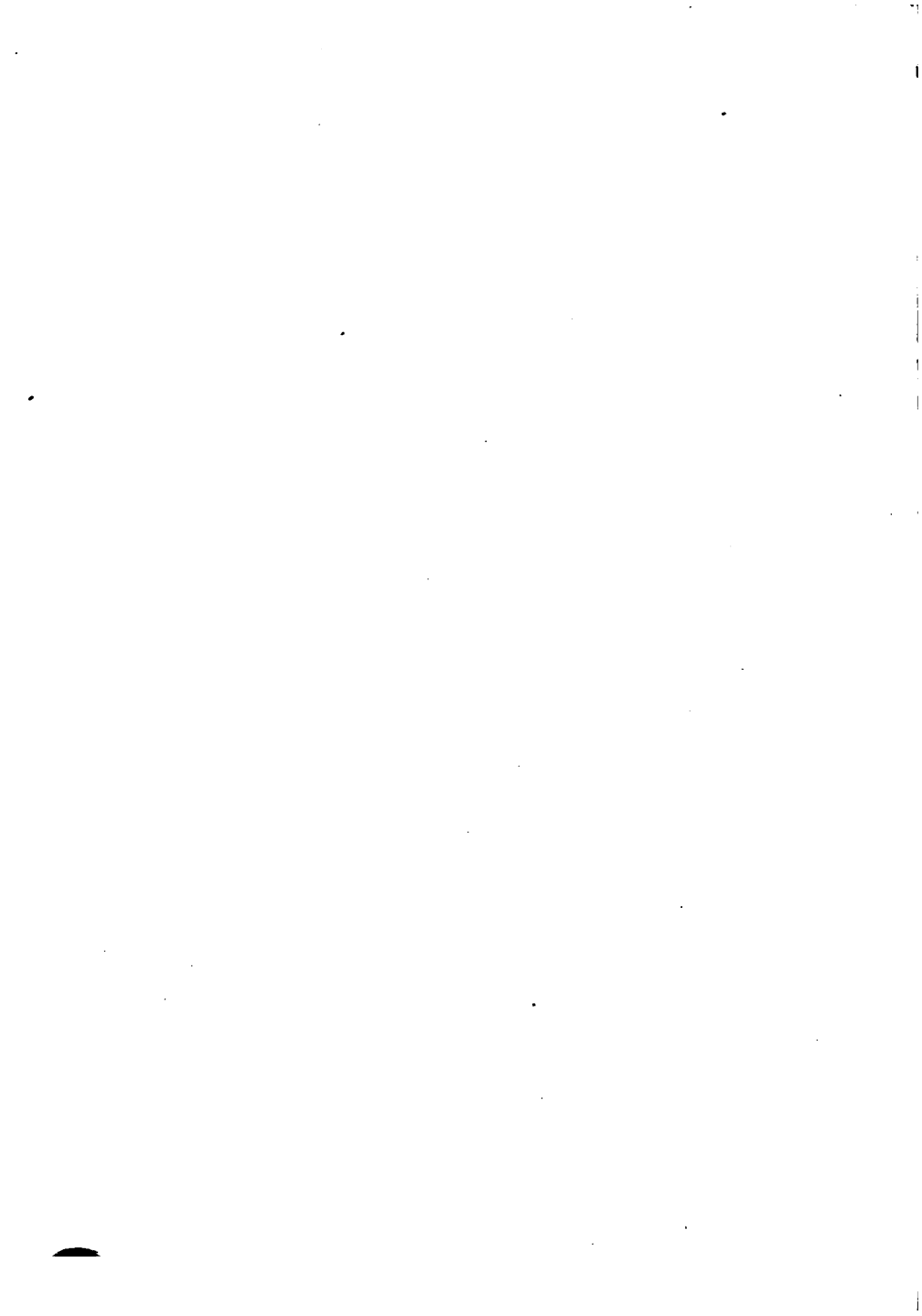
It was said of him, that he was not "a reed shaken by the wind." How strong the metaphor, not a reed that sounds to every passing breeze, to every fancy, to every fad. He did not trim his action and speech to the rabble or try to catch the trend of where the majority would stand. He never sacrificed his opinion or swerved a hair's breadth from the plain path of duty. In this age of subserviency, of vassilage, of sychophancy, or human graphophones, how refreshing is this courageous, intrepid character.

St. John, the Baptist, should become indeed the Patron Saint of Freemasonry now more than ever; there is more need of him. There are too many men in Freemasonry that are mere echoes

of some one else or of the majority without regard to the principle involved. Independence of thought and action, courage born of convictions is becoming a lost virtue. It is so much easier to drift with the tide; it requires no effort to be an echo; it requires no courage to stand with the majority. St. John is the exponent of the world's needs; man resolute, man with convictions, man a leader, man true to public welfare and civic honor.

Freemasonry is not a reed shaken by every passing wind of fancied faith or unfaith, but it is the positive voice of a positive morality, that makes men bold to act and fearless to think.

Freemasonry is the philosophy of acting, not dreaming, of living, not dying, of loving, not hating, of doing, not speculating. We need a revival of the spirit of St. John.



“BEHOLD THE DREAMER COMETH”

THE OLD order changeth slowly. But what a jolt is necessary to start it to thinking. Thinking—there lies the difficulty—to think is to act; not to think is to stand still and then retrograde. The stand-stillness, in all things human, results in mental inertia. It is so easy, so comfortable, not to be obliged to work your gray matter. The things that are necessary for our physical comfort have become automatic and it does not require much energy to keep them going. That which was good enough for our fathers suits us, why bother about anything new?

Communities, institutions and organizations, especially those that glory in their age and ancestry resent progress and change. To them the agitator, the man of keen vision, the reformer, is a pest. “Behold the dreamer cometh” is said with a sneer of contempt.

Is it not strange, yet true, that all the progress that we have made in the comforts of life, in science, art and civilization is due to the dreamer? The world looks upon the man who would make improvements in the arts and sciences as visionary. Watts, with his steam engine; Howe, with his sewing machine; Morse, with his telegraph; Edison, with his lamps, were recognized as dreamers. The moral world looked upon Huss, Wycklif, Luther, Knox, Savonarola and Wesley as nui-

sances, cranks and disturbers. To the ancient world, Christ was a dreamer and a disturber, and in the modern world there are many who look upon his teachings as a disturbing element.

Why this difference in the judgment of the world? Men are dreamers and visionary, only, in those things that we would love to have for our physical comfort, but they seem so far beyond our reach, so utterly impossible, so ridiculous, yet so desirable, that he who would bring to us these things, is merely dreaming dreams or having visions.

The man who interferes with our moral conceptions is not a dreamer, but he is positively a crank, a nuisance and a vicious disturber. The dreamer we laugh at, but the reformer, the thinker, we stone or burn at the stake.

Habit is the barrier to changes affecting our physical condition, and prejudice is the barrier to any mental or moral changes. The oil lamp met difficulty in displacing the tallow candle, and one half of the American citizens vote their prejudices rather than their principles, at elections.

The theories of yesterday are the working factors of today. The theories in the world of science and of arts, of yesterday, are the practical agencies in man's physical welfare of today. The theories of education and morals, of yesterday, as taught by the cranks, are the practical powers in church and state today. The theories of government, as taught in the schools of yesterday, are the momentous and practical factors in the hands

of the school master in the Presidential chair today. The professional politician and the non-constructive statesman is amazed, dumbfounded, but he follows. A Dreamer is in the White House.

The man who advocated equal suffrage, yesterday, was fit for a lunatic asylum; the man who was opposed to intoxicants, yesterday, was a dangerous crank; the man who advocated purity in politics and stood for civic righteousness was an idiot, yesterday. But what of tomorrow?

The cranks, the disturbers, the dreamers, have set the world to thinking, and when men and women think, something is going to happen. Reforms never go backward. "Behold the dreamer cometh" is the advance courier of the army that is to follow.

Has Freemasonry had and is it having its dreamers, its cranks, and its disturbers? Freemasonry is a matter of intellect and morals, the physical welfare of the members is merely incidental. Freemasonry cannot live on its parentage, nor its pedigree, nor on its forms and ceremonies. There must be some outward manifestation of the power, if any, from within.

Even a Fraternity that stands for all the best that is in the world does not want to be jolted in its set forms, ceremonies and laws. It is always harking back to the Fathers. And he who would change anything is looked upon as a crank and a disturber. "Behold the dreamer cometh," was said of those who advocated Masonic Homes; "Behold a crank cometh," was said of those who

disturbed the absurd laws under physical perfection; "Behold the dangerous agitator cometh," was said of him who would drive the saloons out of Freemasonry; "Behold the disturber cometh," was said of him who believed in cleanliness of speech and a higher morality; "Behold the fool cometh," was said of him who believed that a Mason in a public office should be a Mason instead of a small demagogue.

The brothers of Joseph who said, "Behold a dreamer cometh," are not all dead yet.

THE FUTURE

IN THE onward march of civilization, in the upward trend toward a higher standard of morality and ethics, I see a greater and more influential future for Freemasonry than at any period of the past. The Freemasonry of today cares less, far less, for the non-essentials, but more for the essentials. The martinet of steps, grips, and words is rapidly disappearing, but the student of the life and spirit of Freemasonry is increasing. The Freemason of the future will care less for idle speculation; he will believe and practice that humanity needs less of abstract philosophical cobwebs, but more of cheer; less of Egyptian rites, now mumified, but more of good will; less of imaginary symbolism, but more of love. He will pay less "Tithes of mint and anise and cummin," but more attention to the weightier matters: mercy, faith, and charity. He will recognize more fully the beautiful life of Him who was set as a "Plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel."

The doctrine of hearts made lighter and lives made brighter will outlive all abstract speculations, all official distinctions, and all self aggrandizement. The Freemason of the future will worry and write less over what may constitute the "Ancient Landmarks," but he will believe that the three essential landmarks of faith in God, hope in immortality and the daily application of

the Golden Rule, are more important. He will know that:—

“God is a Father,
Man is a Brother,
The earth is our Mother,
Life is a mission and not a career.
Knighthood is service,
His scepter is gladness,
The least is the greatest,
Saving is dying—
Giving is living—
Life is eternal and Love is its essence.”

The unseen player on the golden harp of Freemasonry has touched a sweeter chord. Its notes speak of love, of joy, of gladness, whose harmonies will touch the heart of this cold selfish world. Its seraphic sweetness will be carried, as on the wings of the morning, to the uttermost parts of the earth, to hamlet and palace, to the rich and to the poor, that it will roll back in a mighty chorus from royal men repeating the angelic song of Bethlehem's Plains:—“Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men.”

THE LESSONS OF THE DEGREES

IF YOU were to place before me the rarest gems of the earth, set them in the finest gold, surround them with the fairest brilliants, and ask me to select the most beautiful one, I would be compelled to admit my inability to do so.

If a skilled hand were to weave them into a necklace or mould them into a coronet, I would be compelled to say: "Precious and beautiful in themselves, but thrice beautiful, thrice precious when formed for a purpose and shapened to an end." Would you ask me the "Lessons of the Masonic Degrees," then I would lead you into an enchanted land, into a garden of perpetual beauty, where golden truths fall like ripened fruit into the Novitiate's hand.

Time will not permit me to particularize, nor select any one lesson, but I would weave them into a golden coronet and place them upon the brow of man. Each is a jewel in itself of untold value, but when gathered together by a master's hand, arranged for a purpose, and that purpose the elevation of man, it bears more latent virtues than the world's moneyed treasures.

From the time we trod upon the checkered pavement until we stood in the presence of the Grand Council, with the "signet of truth," these lessons studded our pathway like diamonds set

in the Rock of Eternal Truth. Like a voyage on "twenty seas," whose "sands were pearl, the water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

The lessons of Freemasonry are the evolution of truth to a Divine purpose. The lessons of each degree are but the different phases or stages in this evolution. The final consummation of which is to place man "noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in apprehension how like a God, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals," to that intellectual and moral plane to which the Grand Architect of the universe has ordained him. But this purpose, this aim of the Masonic Degrees, is more than an evolution of the inherent power contained within these Lessons. If man were left to the evolution of the natural forces within him, he would remain forever an untutored savage. So must the evolution of the Truths of Freemasonry depend not only upon its inherent powers, but place a firm reliance upon that spiritual power that comes from above.

The symbolism of Masonic Work is Temple building. I am building a Temple, you are building a Temple, and that Temple, in its completeness and beauty, depends upon the application of the rules and precepts contained within these lessons, fashioned and formed according to the design drawn upon the true Masonic Trestle Board.

We may boast of the Temple we are erecting, we may feel justly proud as we view its beautiful proportions in intellectual and moral design; but

there must be more than form, ere we can boast; there must be a purpose in its erection. When the Great Teacher was upon earth he stood among those who boasted of the magnificent Temple that graced Moriah's top, men who gave thanks that they were not as other men, whose love of God and man were empty ceremonials and whose ritual had degenerated into mockery and form. To these he declared that "A greater than the temple was in this place." Yes, within each Temple, within the environments of each Temple, a greater than the Temple is there. The purposes of an edifice are greater than the superstructure. That which emanated from the Temple of old was greater, more valuable than the Cedars of Lebanon or the gold of Ophir.

If we erect a Temple from which does not arise the incense of Charity, Benevolence, Love, Kindliness and Good Will, the greater than the Temple has been crucified. We teach the Brotherhood of man by acting it, we teach Charity by unloosening purse strings, we teach Love by uplifting and not casting down.

When we shall have completed our Temple and presented it to the Master Builder, with its spires, its minarets, its columns, its pilasters, its wainscoting, its flowers, its courts echoing with the song "I have lived for the good that I could do," that Master Builder will look at the Building, not at the Builder. It matters not whether the craftsman was rich or poor, whether he was halt from the labors of life and its vicissitudes.

whether the hand that wrought it was misshapen, but has this Temple been dedicated to "fear God and keep His commandments," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "To thine own self be true." Has it lengthened life and mitigated pain? Has it staunched the blood on the world's broad field of battle? Has it kissed the tear from the repentant's eye? Has it caught the sigh of the vanishing soul and bore it like the fabled Peri to the Gates of Paradise? Has it changed the moan of distress to a melody of rarest music? The sighs of the homeless to the tuneful sighs of the birds and the flowers? This is the greatest Temple, and to such a one would we bring forth the Cope Stone, crying "Grace, Grace unto it."

The lessons of the degrees teach the sweet lesson of immortality. Yes, Masonry whispers a hope; Masonry sets a bright star; Masonry knows not Death; Masonry sings Hallelujahs.

THE FLESH POTS

THE FAULT-FINDINGS and murmurings of the children of Israel in their journey through the wilderness is intensely human. In Egypt they were slaves, subject to the hardest provoking toil; their burdens were great. The promise of a deliverance and freedom was to them a new age, a new life; willingly would they endure the hardships incident to their freedom, while on their long journey.

Everything looked so promising and roseate. But hunger began to press them, then they began to murmur against their rulers. The fall of Manna satisfied their cravings for a while, but the Manna began to pall upon their appetities and then they began to bewail their present condition as compared to the time "when they sat by the flesh pot" in Egypt. The stomach became the sovereign ruler and not Moses.

What are hardships? Slavery? Making bricks without straw? When you can sit by the flesh pots. Some one has said:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant;
When life goes by like a song.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

Which means that the man who can smile when divorced from the flesh pots is a rare being and worth knowing.

Is it a fact that the chief source of our enthusiasm and purpose in life springs from the "flesh pots?" That we are even willing to be somebody's lackey, a fawning sychophant for a taste of the flesh pots? That we are willing to bury our self-respect as a free man, to follow at the heels of one in control of the flesh pots, like a dog, bark and applaud, willing to be an abject slave. Do all this in order that we may sit at the "flesh pots."

We might ask ourselves the question: What have we accomplished? What has been the end of our endeavors? What have been our hopes and aims in life that did not have the odor and flavor of the flesh pots in them? How much of our work in Freemasonry, its distinctions, its titles, its imaginary rewards of business and eclat, its lofty degrees, are tainted with the flesh pots?

The "flesh pots" of ease, of comfort, of selfishness and self-aggrandisement too often outweigh the Manna of self-denial, of self-sacrifice. There are too many who reverse the principle and practices of the Apostles, and become all things to all men, not to serve others, but to serve themselves. The "flesh pots" are always and eternally in the horizon of their endeavors.

THE RAINBOW

SOME ONE said that the Lord never made a fool, but He gave him material and let him do the making himself. The perpetual optimist is a fool, because his optimism has either a sinister motive or he is not fully awake to the responsibilities of life. The pessimist is an imbecile, because he is incapacitated from realizing the joy of living; he is a case of arrested development, "a runt" in creation.

The world has no use for the chronic croaker, the perpetual kicker, the constant knocker. It prefers and honors him who in the heaviest rain and storm sees a rainbow in the cloud. For him the sun is somewhere behind the raining sending its rays through the crystal drops.

To him life is real and the stern realities which he encounters develop a hopeful and helpful optimism, not a sham, not a silly, flippant optimism, sort of cap and bells variety; no, the stage fool in his variegated housings, may jest and make merry of life's vicissitudes, but the audience realizes that he plays the jester and not the man.

We have all builded air castles, we have had our day dreams, flowers that spring with the sweetest fragrance from the optimistic side of life; they have remained with us, through trials and difficulties, through defeat and worry, and failed to come to our waking hours, only, when hope had fled, when desire has failed, when the "Almond has blossomed." Unfortunate man or woman

who has never had his day dreams and most unfortunate when the incentive to build air castles and dream day dreams has passed, for then life has become purposeless, the incentive to all effort has ceased, while pessimism reigns supreme.

Senility, the world calls it, when man has outlived his allotted span, but a wise Providence, as a compensation, has prepared a second childhood which to the younger appears foolish, but to the aged it has opened memory's gate to a vista of renewed childhood where day dreams, ambitions and hope once again hold sway.

The child sees the rainbow in the cloud of falling tears, as air castles of blocks fall, colored balloons burst, engines fail to stay on the track and wooden soldiers refuse to obey the commands; but he will try again.

The hopeful man is a blessing; the croaker is a curse. Life would be very monotonous without clouds; rainbows would be impossible without sunlight and rain drops.

Blessed is he who can see the bow, however dark may be the storm cloud; fortunate the man who can weather the storms and with hope and cheer look into the morrow.

A Freemason should be an optimist, not born of fatalism, but the child of a firm faith "that reaches within the veil," bearing always, not only to his brethren, but to all humanity, the optimism of a useful and radiant life.

The bow has been set, will men see it?

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER

TO BE ELECTED Master of a Lodge by the brethren is one of the highest honors that can come to any man.

It is a station that brings into play the best that is in a man. It is a position of service and trust, a royal service to the Craft. It is essentially a position in which the brethren place their trust and confidence.

The station in life, whether civil or fraternal, is that into which comes the greatest service to mankind. It is honorable only in so far as it is serviceable. Herein lies the mistake of those who would enter where "angels fear to tread," believing that the station of Master is a sort of a reward for past duties done; who would have the office magnify their egotistical self, and to spout the Ritual the "sumum bonum" of all endeavor.

The "Old Charges and Regulations" that point out the duty of the Master have been set aside for pure ritualism. The spouter, the "T" crosser and "I" dotter reign supreme. The Old Charges and Regulations held to fifteen duties that a Master should perform, and nothing therein speaks about ritualism.

The "Old Charges" held tenaciously to some old-fashioned ideas, among which are, that the Master should be a "good man and true, and strictly to obey the moral law;" "to be a peaceful citizen;" "to avoid private piques and quarrels and to guard against intemperance and excess;"

to promote the general good of society, to cultivate the social virtues." These duties are a few of the fifteen enumerated, but the more we study and think about them, the more they become like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The Master is indeed like a father to the family, a shepherd to the sheep. It is duty and service, not self-aggrandizement and glory. When he, who aspires to be a Master, conscientiously considers these duties and the qualifications necessary to assume them, he may well hesitate and ask himself: "Who is sufficient for these things?" The Master is the eye of the Lodge that can foresee dangers; the ear that can hear the discordant notes as well as the deep harmonies of a brotherhood; the heart that feels and throbs with the woes and joys of life; the intelligence that guides and leads; the soul that inspires the noblest and the best in the lowest, as well as in the highest of his brethren.

To this high estate is the Master chosen; will he make the best of his opportunities and glorify God and Man, or will he be contented to drift aimlessly with the tide, to end only in nothingness.

"Nothing but leaves; nothing but leaves."

THE PAST MASTER



WHAT is the status of a Past Master? This question was asked of one of the old Past Masters for solution. He smilingly replied as follows: "Well, he is a member of his lodge and has not lost any of his rights and privileges as a Master Mason by having served as Master of his lodge. This is glory enough.

"The trouble with some Past Masters is that they have been soaring so high in the Masonic imperium for a year or more, that they do not know how to make a landing from their official flight. They have been educated out of their Masonic sphere by office holding that they cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that their crown has passed to another and that their reign is over. It is hard to come down to hard tack after feeding on official strawberry shortcake. The water in the harbor where the barques of the Master Mason ride at anchor is too shallow for a big ship. There is no sadder picture than a puffed up, dropsical Past Master, dropsical with the conceit of his faded glory, with the asthmatic wheeze of imaginary slights to his imaginary Past Master's importance. They do not take a tumble to the fact that they are no longer the executive department, but are acting purely in an advisory role. When you hear a Past Master complaining of being slighted and that his position of being a Past Master is not receiving just recognition, you may depend upon it that he is the victim of his

self-conceit, or that "Teckel" has been written after his name. A Past Master can be a rich blessing to his lodge or an unmitigated nuisance. We, Past Masters, must recognize the fact that we have been honored in an exceptional way by the lodge; we have had in no uncertain manner the confidence of the brethren; we have been exalted, for which exaltation only loyal service can offer a suitable appreciation; we ought to be willing to be servants for the Craft in all things appertaining to the welfare and glory of our lodge. Self-interests should be divorced from all our actions. We have had our day; we have played our part in official position, then why not let some other brother play his part? The Past Masters of a lodge should be the reserve, the veteran corps; the Master's counselors, not his dictators. A Past Master should be, by the very virtue of his title, a better man intellectually and morally. He has had his school of experience and wide reading that should qualify him to be a sage among the brethren, a teacher among his pupils. He has had an experience, a course of study, if he has had sufficient ability, to make him a man of broad mind, altruistic, humble, willing to assist, to bear burdens and to be a brother among brethren. Official distinction and honors should make a man, more of a man, not a snob, or a conceited ass, but one to whom service is a pleasure and duty a reward. It is not necessary for a true Past Master to air his titles, for he is known by the brethren, he lives respected and dies regretted."

THE BURIAL SERVICE

THE importance of the burial service of the Lodge is too often overlooked. This service should have special consideration, as it is the only service in which Freemasonry comes in contact with the world. It is peculiar in the fact that its use is always in the sad and pathetic scenes in life, when hearts are attuned to the minor tones and when anything that is out of harmony with the scene, is sharply discordant and harsh. Whether a Lodge desires it or not, it is the one preeminent public service that advertises the Lodge and the Fraternity in no uncertain manner; it is always a creditable or discreditable advertisement, and for which no excuses can be made. It is a service that will always remain in the hearts of the family and friends as a pleasing note amid the sad and distressing scenes of a saddened life or as an unforgettable and inexcusable discordant factor in life's requiem.

It matters not how beautiful such a service may appear in the Ritual, the manner of its rendition is very important. As in a play, the setting and the actor must be in harmony with the event. It is unfortunate that some Masters and Past Masters attempt the rendition of this service, who are totally unqualified by voice, training, and education.

The Fraternity and the bereaved have too often been shocked and humiliated by the illiterate

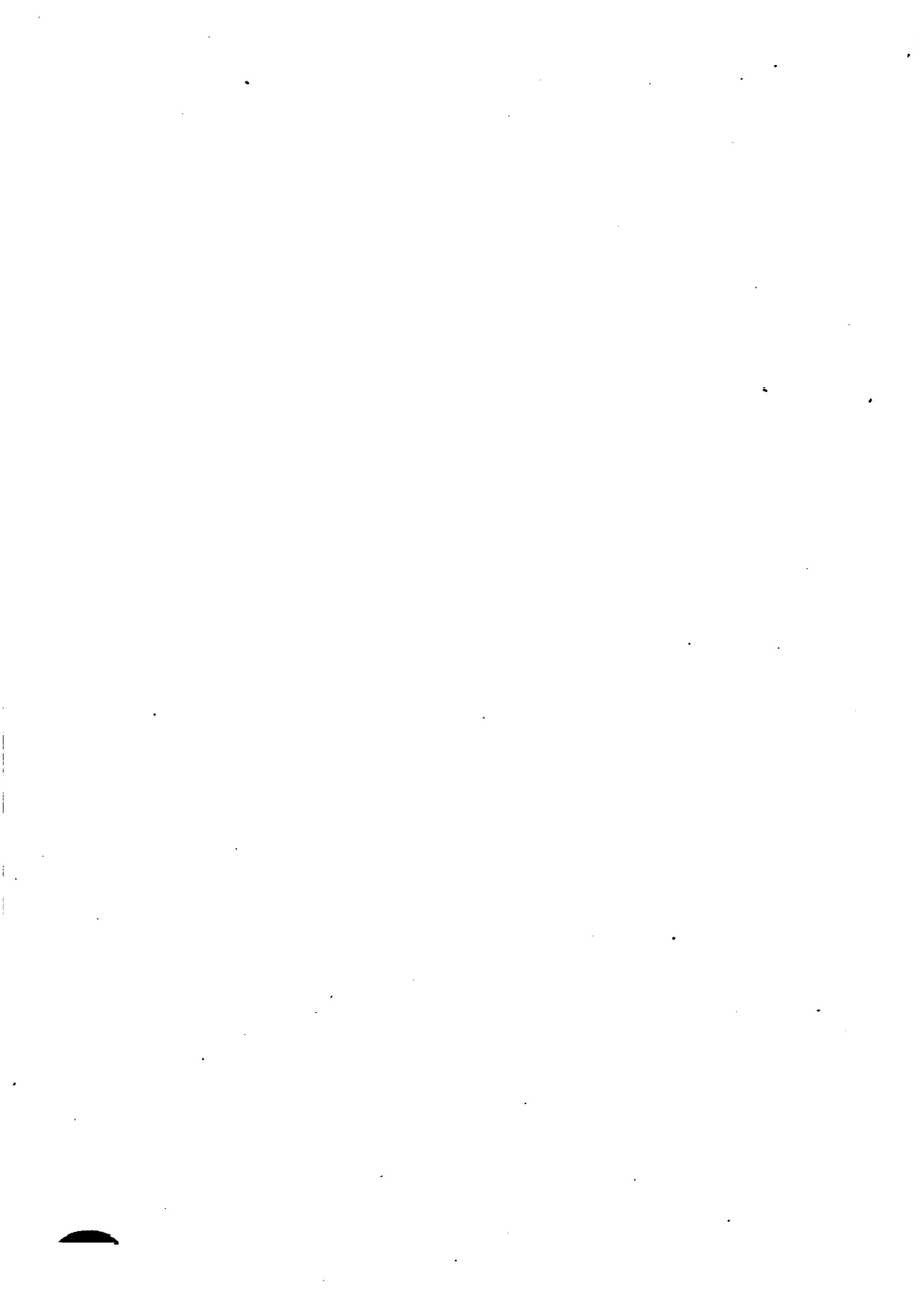
and blundering rendition of the service. There are few of the many Masters that are qualified, yet too often is the saying verified, "That fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Lodges should select several capable members who can be called upon on all occasions. The Craft must see to it that the burial service, in its manner of rendition, does not advertise us as illiterate school boys.

It has been customary to give this service at the grave. Why the grave is selected as the proper place remains a question unanswered. The minister does not hold the church services at the grave and is there any reason why the Masonic service should be held there? It is a survival of a custom that is rapidly becoming obsolete and which is being maintained by morbid curiosity. No more unsuited, unreasonable, morbid place could be selected. The open grave, so soon to be filled, should be sacred to the family. Idle crowds, or any crowd outside of the family, intimate friends, minister and Lodge officers are an unwelcome intrusion. The services, except the commitment portion, should be held prior to going to the cemetery. It should be held at the home, at the church or at the Masonic Hall, where the family, friends and the members of the Lodge can be seated. It appears so absurd to leave a church, home or Masonic Hall where the audience is comfortably seated listening to the church service, and then at its conclusion to march to the cemetery, irrespective of the weather to listen to the

masonic service where the assembled audience must stand, where few can hear or care to hear, where the family is made to stand in the presence, frequently of a morbid assembly, while some one repeats a twenty minute service, and frequently this service is given in the rain and snow, standing on the damp or frozen ground or in the hot sun.

Is it not about time that a change was made in conducting the burial service, not only in the man who renders it, but in the manner of its rendition, and also the place in which the service can be effectively and conveniently given for all concerned.

If this service were conducted as herein outlined, possibly, there would not be so much complaint about the small attendance that characterizes Masonic funerals in our cities.



SWINE MORE PROFITABLE THAN MEN

THE Gadarenes besought Christ to depart from them. Why? Because he had saved a man and incidentally killed a lot of swine. Their fear of his presence was not only because of his miraculous power, but lest they lose all their hogs. If it took a whole herd of swine to save one man, their hog crop would run out—if many men were saved.

The Gadarenes are still with us, and the spirit of Christ is constantly finding the value of hogs higher than the value of the man. All efforts to ameliorate and better the conditions of the unfortunate men and women are met by the hog of greed; material interests are set above the claims and the cry of suffering humanity.

To do good is a fine abstract idea, but if to do good interferes with our material interests, if it cuts down our toll of rents, reduces the number of our coupons and the amount of our bank deposits, it is an impracticable and visionary undertaking; let us save the hogs, even if the man has to be sacrificed.

The Gadarenes of a large city lost fourteen saloons and much rent when the vice district was closed. This was a very bad business enterprise from the swine's standpoint, but a very good investment from the making of men standpoint.

Swine are a business asset, man is a very intangible thing, therefore, the vice crusade should stop if we wish to save our swine. Fourteen saloons have been put out of business, hence these visionary idealists must not be too hard on our police commissioners by asking them to further reduce the number of saloons in the city, even if they do crowd near our schools and churches, because the swine must be protected.

The spirit of Christ would prepare and enact a housing code for the poor and compel the landlord to maintain sanitary tenement houses, but of what value are women and children compared with high rent for filthy hovels. It takes too many swine to save the children of the poor, and to provide decent houses for the poor. The grunt of the swine is more musical and more far-reaching than the cry of those in distress, especially when they cannot vote.

We must not censure the Gadarenes who lived two thousand years ago. Their stock has not been exhausted, it was a prolific race. Their descendants are with us and they still have their characteristic love for the swine, and should Christ come to them today, it could again be written: "They besought him to depart from them."

ICHABOD

And she named the child Ichabod.—I Sam. 4:21

THE Ark of the Covenant was the glory of Israel. It was the material symbol of God's presence. Over the Mercy Seat he made known His presence and His will to man. When the Ark was lost, the Glory of Israel had departed. The child mentioned in the text was born on that disastrous day, when the armies under Eli, the High Priest and Ruler, were defeated and the Ark of the Covenant was carried away by the Philistines.

When the mother heard the news of the loss of the Ark, she named the child Ichabod, meaning "The glory is departed from Israel." Since then the name Ichabod is a synonym for dishonor.

The use of this name, as applied to Daniel Webster, will ever stand in the history of the United States and in poetic literature. When Webster, in the United States Senate, made his great speech in favor of a compromise on the slavery question, Massachusetts believed herself to have been betrayed and dishonored by her favorite son. It fired the soul of the peace loving Quaker poet, Whittier, so that he gave voice to his righteous indignation in a masterful poem, "Ichabod." It is a terrific yet sad arraignment of the apostacy of Webster; the glory of Webster had departed.

The following two stanzas of this poem have a universal application to men who betray a trust:

“Reville him not—the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn nor wrath,
Befit his fall.”
“All else is gone; from those great eyes,
The soul hath fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The Man is dead.”

No greater truth was ever immortalized in verse than that contained in the last lines of the verse quoted. The man is truly dead in whom faith is lost and honor dead.

Are there any Ichabods in Freemasonry? Are there members, who claim to belong to some Masonic Lodge whose life and actions stamp them indelibly as an Ichabod? He of foul mouth, of profane lips, whose voice and vote is always with the “gang and the thug,” who is always found on the opposite side of all reforms and plans to better human welfare? The glory of civic duty has departed,—“And she named the Child Ichabod.”

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

*Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace,
Good Will to Men.—Luke 11:14.*

“It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From the Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
‘Peace on earth, good will to men,’
From Heaven’s all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.”



HAT significance does this song of the Heavenly Host bring to the individual man or women? It is a message of a universal prayer and benediction. It comes to the Christian, the Jew, the Moslem, even the worshipper of an unknown God, with the prayer of a universal peace and blessing.

Peace on earth and good will to men is the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man crystalized into song and sung by a Celestial Choir.

It is the sweetest message ever sung, because it sings of Peace and Good Will. It pressages that this warring, turbulent world shall know peace; that man, buffeted and tempest tossed by ill-wind, discord, envy, jealousy and hate, may know and experience the antithesis of this in Good Will.

It foreshadows the advent of that day when "The mountains of the Lord's House shall be established on the top of the mountains; when swords shall be beaten into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks; when nations shall not lift up sword against nations, neither shall learn war any more;" when man shall be to his brother man a friend and a protector; when the Golden Rule shall be the guide to every man's conduct; when the morality of Masonry shall be made the measure of a Mason's duty, then the advent of that long expected day of universal peace and good will will break into a hallelujah of reality and its reign shall be triumphant.

"For lo the days are hastening on
By prophets-bards foretold,
When the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace over all the earth
In ancient splendor fling.
And the whole earth send back the song.
Which now the angels sing."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TENNYSON was optimistic when he sang:
"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

But it was not in the spirit, that there was nothing in the old worth consideration, nor that "the new" would be the acme of perfection. He did not believe, that all that was false would disappear at "low twelve," December 31, and only the true would come with the new-born year. But his optimism took hold of the fact that the old year had served its time. It had had its joys and its tears. Its sunshine and its rain. It had played its part. Go in peace, welcome the new. Ring out the false; let it go. Why worry over it? Wherever there is the false, there is also the true. They will always exist as long as humanity exists. Why waste your life lamenting over that which is false? That which is false brings only sorrow, but that which is true brings hope, joy and satisfaction. Why not discard the one and cling to the other?

What a noble animal is man. Had he never evolved language, reason and judgment, what a magnificent beast he would have been. There would have been no "looking backward," no looking forward, no day dreams, no air castles, no hopes, no disappointments, possibly no sorrows or joys. The old and the new year would have been as one, to eat, to sleep and to obey his master's

voice would have been the never ending cycle of his years. But, it is otherwise, man has the pleasure and satisfaction of living in retrospect, in the present, in the future.

The croaker lives only in retrospect; the dying year seems to leave him bereft of all that makes life worth living; the good old days are slipping farther and farther away. To him the new year brings only more new things, contrary things, new fangled things, more worry over the glorious past, whose luster is forever dimmed by the degenerate new. To him there is nothing good now, it was better then; nothing sweet now, but sweeter then; little honesty now, but all honesty then; no religion now, everybody religious then; men are pigmies now, but "there were giants in the earth in those days."

There were moral and intellectual giants in the old days, but they are with us today. Each new year reveals to us more of them than ever. Each new year rings clearer and sweeter for humanity, with a wider, deeper love for humanity. The Golden Rule is not obsolete, but it is gathering energy with every ringing of the bells of another new year. The Brotherhood of Man is emphasized more in the pulpit and forum than ever before. Mercy stands beside Justice. They reign in harmony.

The giants of moral worth and courage are not dead. The sweet bells of the New Year will always reveal more of them than ever. Look up, not down; forward, not backward.

RITUALISM

A VERY prominent member of a very prominent and large Grand Jurisdiction was asked: "What is your Grand Lodge doing?" His laconic reply was: "Oh, conferring degrees." He meant that the whole end and aim of Freemasonry in his Grand Lodge was—Ritualism. In the early history of the Craft, there was no Ritual, hence the ceremonies, if any, used in the reception of Candidates were very brief, consisting in a mere recital of the laws of the Craft, the vow and communicating the pass-word. In England and Scotland, today, the Ritual is very brief in all degrees and Orders; but in America the Ritual is elaborate and a tendency to make it longer to accommodate the ritualistic orators. The tendency in the United States has been to exploit the Ritual at the sacrifice of every thing else.

The social, the fraternal and the intellectual side of Freemasonry has been made secondary and frequently set aside entirely for Ritualism,—a close fitting, straight jacket ritualism. The conferring of degrees has been hedged about with laws so that a lodge cannot escape from the eternal grind. The Ritual must be fed to the Candidate with a spoon, at certain intervals, by a certain made automaton and no two must be fed at the same time. The candidate is in a sort of a Masonic Hospital, where he is fed, bathed, nursed and catechised with clock-like regularity

and when he thinks his period of invalidism is over, he is informed that another dose of catechism is necessary before he can be acknowledged a full fledged Mason; he must sit yet longer at the feet of some machine made Gamaliel and stand another examination before the wise men and sages of the House of Israel. Is it any wonder that the Ritual plays to empty seats in most of our Lodges? Is it any wonder that the ritual, as practiced, has driven the scholar and student out of any desire to fill official stations and the field has been left, too frequently, to the parrot, the 'I' dotter and the "T" crosser.

Good Ritualism should not be condemned, but encouraged and highly commended on all occasions; but it is not the "sine quae non" of every thing Masonic.

Good Ritualism is an honor; poor Ritualism is always pernicious. Good Ritualism is worth the best efforts and the highest aspirations of any Master; poor Ritualism is unworthy of any Master. Good Ritualism is one of the great assets of a lodge and a potent advertising medium; poor Ritualism is an efficient hypnotic.

A Ritual is absolutely essential; there must be some general form, some set ceremony for degree work and that ceremony must be uniform in a Grand Jurisdiction; but good Ritualism does not necessarily imply letter perfect Ritual. A letter perfect Ritualism may be unsurpassed in its beauty and impressiveness, yet may also be an oratori-

cal burlesque and a travesty, a mere mouthing, unintelligent to both mouther and the candidate.

That which may be considered by many as "poor work" of an officer may be the highest of excellency in Ritualism. Ritualism, like Oratory, does not consist of a torrential flow of words, a binding together into a boquet, the twittering of birds, beautiful landscapes, bubbling brooks and the rustling of wings; the flapdoodle stuff pulled off by the eloquent (?) orator, but it consists of the power to impress, to convince, to persuade, to cause men to act. True Ritualism comes out of the man and is a part of him; it is not a regurgitation of that which was fed into him. It may come halting, stammering, imperfect and awkwardly, but it causes men to think, to feel and act; this is true Ritualism. Good Ritualism is in the man behind the gun; the man in the cab of the locomotive, the words of the Ritual are the mere machine. Our lodges have too much machine and not enough of the man; and frequently too much of both.

THE KICKER

Jeshuron Waxed Fat, and Kicked—Deut. 32:15.

HUMAN nature stands focused in this text. The frailties and foibles of humanity are ever evident and prominent. They are in the "limelight" on the stage of life.

He waxed fat and kicked; how natural, how extremely human. Even after he had all that he desired his kicking propensities were uncontrolled. These words were uttered more than twenty-eight centuries ago. Yet it is true today. He kicked. He was dissatisfied. He rebelled. Prosperity produced fatness, but it did not change his moral nature. He was the same old kicker. Prosperity even brought out more clearly his kicking propensities. The kick is but the cry of dissatisfaction, the mother of inconsiderate rebellion, the father of oppression.

Israel waxed fat, but forsook the altar of God. Israel grew in prosperity but became lean in morality. Jeshuron, the beloved, the title of affection applied by Moses to Israel, waxed strong and mighty in a worldly sense, but kicked when her attention was directed to her moral and spiritual duties.

Does not this text apply to Masons and Masonry? Prosperity, in a full treasury, may mean extreme leanness in charity. Fatness in

numbers may mean much bad material. The "prosperity" of a Lodge does not necessarily prove that it is doing its Masonic duty. Fatness does not indicate moral happiness. Prosperity may indicate moral poverty. When Jeshuron, although prosperous, was reminded of his moral obligation, he kicked. It was distasteful, and doubtless said to his accuser: "Mind your own business."

As a man, you were admitted into the bosom of a great fraternity and took upon yourself, voluntarily, solemn obligations. You ought to have prospered morally, but you waxed fat, in the mere name of Masonry, and kicked when the world required of you the fulfillment of your obligations to walk and act in accordance therewith. You, perhaps, have been honored with the title of Master, but the honor did not bring prosperity, but rather a soft, mushy fatness of conceit, self-importance and self-laudation, and when you were required to visit the sick or bury the dead, you kicked. How often have we heard the admonition "to practice out of the Lodge those great moral principles taught in the Lodge." Yet we wax fat in hearing and giving advice, but kick when called upon to practice them.

Too often the Masonic Jeshuron waxes fat and kicks.

WHAT FREEMASONRY STANDS FOR

THE FREEMASON must speak in no uncertain tones on all moral questions that demand the attention of the people. It believes that men have the right to conscientiously differ on all matters of public policy and on the economic questions of the day, and it does not presume to dictate as to what men shall believe, either in politics or religious creed. But when it becomes a question of pure morals, then the Freemason cannot side step or equivocate. He must stand square and straight for the right.

Freemasonry is a moral sunshine for the waste place, a moral optimism that constantly seeks for the high ideals in civic and private life. We have frequently emphasized the fact, that if a Freemason in an official position does not make a better and more effective official, because he is a Mason, or if he fails to meet the moral responsibilities that must come to him in a position of public trust, he is betraying the Fraternity. He cannot be a tool in the hands of a gang or by inaction or evasion wink at crime in high or low places. He cannot shift his moral responsibility, but he must have the backbone to stand, unequivocally, for all things that go to make up the moral welfare and safety of the people. He must be found always facing one way. If he cannot carry the principles of Freemasonry with him into

a position of trust, then he should resign and admit himself a coward, and Freemasonry has no room for a moral coward.

Freemasonry is not a fraternity of signs, grips and words, but it is a great moral force, and the sooner the time servers, the practical politicians in it, learn this great truth, the better it will be for them and the Fraternity.

The essence of Brotherhood is helpful right-living and doing. It implies the highest public welfare, the application of the Golden Rule, to the high and the low, the rich and the poor. Brotherhood means, be honest with the people who trusted you, a guardian and protector of the poor and the helpless, the implacable foe of crime and vice, whether in or out of party, machine or gang. The true Mason puts the public good above party. He is a citizen who controls his own vote, whose independence is above partyism, who wears his sovereignty under his hat.

THE DANGER OF POPULARITY

IS FREEMASONRY becoming too popular? This question implies that in over-popularity there lies a danger.

The adherence of good citizens to any organization, whether civic, religious or fraternal, is a good omen, and such an organization with such adherents can never become too popular. The danger of any organization lies in the character of the men in it, and the character of the men going into it. Freemasonry can never become too popular with good men, but it can become too popular when it attracts bad men, men with selfish and insincere motives.

Freemasonry is very popular all over the United States; it is growing rapidly, so much so, that the true Masons see in this rapid growth an element and a possibility of danger. This danger does not lie as much in the rural districts as in the great centers of population, our cities. In the rural districts and country towns, the Lodge and its membership, as a rule, stand for the best and highest in life, so that the unworthy will not petition because the association would not be congenial, besides he knows that his application will be rejected. In the city, as a rule, the Lodge does not stand out pre-eminently. It is a Lodge of Freemasons, and to the outsider, judging from the life and actions of the members, it does not stand for anything definite.

A church in a resident portion of a city stands as a definite symbol of a great purpose, but the Lodge, as a place where the men confer the degrees, do mysterious things and have an occasional feed. The man of impure motives and selfish interests will rarely petition the church for membership, but curiosity and the apparent vague purposes of a Masonic Lodge attract the insincere and the blackleg, and his chance to get in is a possibility. High standard of citizenship attracts only good men; low standards appeal to the vicious. If all the Lodges of our cities stood for a high morality, for clean citizenship, for civic purity and for human welfare, there would be no danger of an over popularity, because the crook, the practical politician, the boss, the man of selfish interests, the profane, the mental and moral imbecile, would never even think of becoming members. That "water seeks its level" is equally true in Freemasonry.

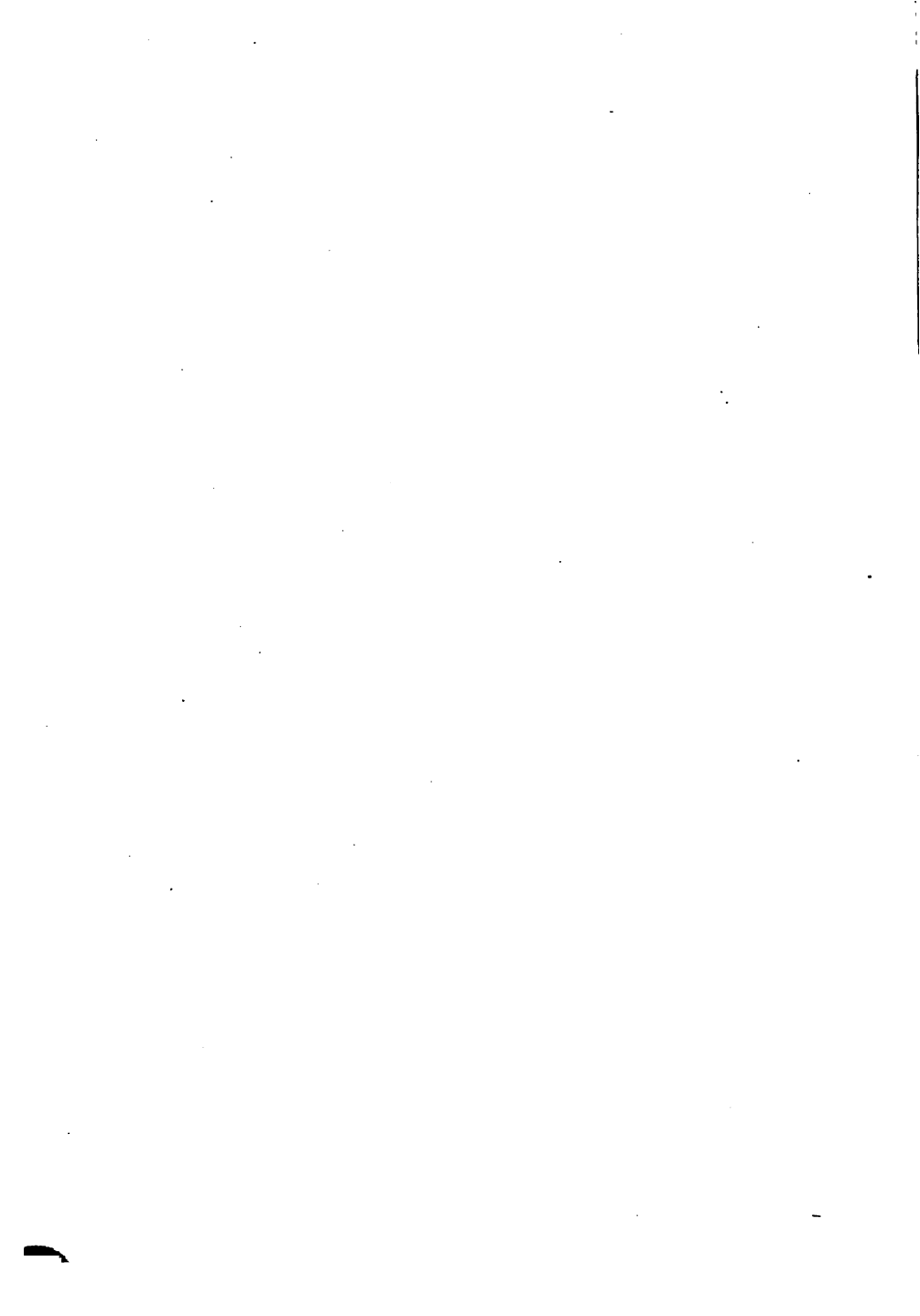
Freemasonry was never intended to make bad men good, but to make good men better. It is not a reformatory, but a place where sincere men meet to practice wholesome fellowship. There is no danger in the over-production of gentlemen, but there is danger in an over-production of and sympathy for "Rough-necks."

HE IS GROWING OLD, LET HIM GO

 ES, he is growing old," they say. The initiate, the energetic Master, the brilliant officer is on the rising side of the meridian of today and the old man of tomorrow. The bud of now; the "last leaf" of then. Where is "the last leaf" in our Masonic Bodies? Where is he who is growing old? Where is the once bright, ambitious Master, when the almond tree blossoms, when the windows are darkened? Dimitted, forgotten, buried, unknown. Where is he who once bore the burden and the heat of the day, after three score years have tinged his hair with gray? Crowded out; crowded out, out. Age and often penury have wrung an unwilling dimit from the Lodge he loved; the Lodge in which he won his laurels, achieved his ambition; where his hand was guided by justice and his purse opened to the needy. "The last leaf," tossed by adversity, trembling under infirmity, falls from the bough, suspended, dimitted, gone. The friends of his manhood, when fortune smiled, have left him when she frowned; death had touched his kindred and he stood alone, alone, and a Freemason. To the Lodge he had brought all the strength of his early manhood; his zeal for the institution knew no bounds, his charity was unlimited and his heart was a haven for the poor and needy.

He served his Lodge with fervency and zeal, but the evil day came, unbidden, unwelcomed, like an assassin lurking for his victim, and he stood on the streets, bereft of everything but honor and old age. His bent form, with his silver locks might be seen toiling at hard manual labor for a mere pittance, and even this pittance failed him. The annual dues had accumulated and he was unable to pay. The notice, "To show cause as to why he should not be suspended," lay before him. The inexorable Lodge mandate, attested by the seal, must be obeyed. Too proud to beg, ashamed to let his true condition be known, he writes to his Lodge: "Suspend me." He could not bear the thought of standing up in his own Lodge and pleading clemency. His proud soul rebelled at proclaiming himself a pauper, and suspension for non-payment of dues was far more preferable to the old man than the humiliation of being unable to pay; a mendicant. The Master and the Secretary were too indifferent to inquire as to his condition; the pound of flesh must be paid. Was this to be the reward for his years of labor for the Craft? What had he done to merit such an end? Unfortunate, but ever honorable. Poor, but rich in a noble life; too old to begin the strife anew; too old to earn a livelihood and pay dues; too proud to ask for an honorable exemption, so out, out he goes. Of what use is he to the Lodge if he cannot pay dues? Shut the door on the old Mason, for we must have our annual dues.

Is the non-payment of dues such a crime? Is there no escape for the old Masonic warrior? Must the Lodge continue to suck, like the leech, from the old man? Is there no limit to the bearing the burden of today? Is there no escape but in humiliation and mendicancy? Is life membership only for the wealthy? A purchasable honor? Shall the old man ever receive his honorable roll, a thank offering from his Lodge? When will Masters and Secretaries devote more time to looking after unfortunate members, rather than to continually grinding out new ones?



SOUNDING BRASS AND TINKLING CYMBAL

RELIGION and moral concepts are a good thing for the masses, but they must not interfere with my way of doing:—such is the interpretation that the practical politician and the perfunctory church member put on religion and ethics. Whenever the pulpit speaks for civic righteousness, better citizenship and demands that the spiritual power of religion shall control men in public affairs, the practical politician and the sleepy church member raise their voices with one accord and cry:—"Politics." With this class, as well as those who live to prey upon the public, nothing is so disappointing, so utterly unreasonable as to have the pulpit cease discussing Creed and dogmas and speak for the spirit of religion in high places. To the spoilsman, the preacher is a demagogue and a hypocrite, when like the Prophet of old, he calls to righteousness in public life. To them, a religion that puts the spiritual nature of man as the decisive force into civic duties, is debasing the pulpit with the filth of politics. What a wonderful reverence the practical politician and his cohorts, sometimes, have for the sacredness of the pulpit.

That which is true of the pulpit is true of Freemasonry; as long as Masonic orators and Masonic editors confine themselves to the great antiquity of the Fraternity, its sublime symbols,

its great secrets of grips, signs and words, it is all right; but the spiritual element that lies under and within these husks in its relation to public duty and official position must not be mentioned lest the cry of "politics" be raised.

Men in the church and in Freemasonry conscientiously differ on the economic questions of the day and thus array themselves into political parties for the propagation of these diverse views. These parties are but the forces in civic evolution that tend to establish a more sure and safe ground for economic and civic prosperity. Parties are the logical outcome of human thought. Religion and Freemasonry have no quarrel with them, but they should be handmaids in the solution of these great problems; but partyism may be a blind guide and the cloak of party may hide sinister motives.

The spirit of religion must permeate all parties or they cease to be beneficent; but there is only one side to a moral question; there should be no difficulty in determining whether the morality of religion and Freemasonry or that of the devil shall be in the ascendancy. On this question, religion and Freemasonry must not be "As sounding brass or a tinkling sycmbal." They must be known, not so much by their faith, which is secret, but by their works which are as open as the day and by which both must stand or fall.

A MESS OF GREENS

Sell me this day thy birthright.—Gen. 25:31.

LET GOOD digestion wait on appetite," is stating a physiological truth. Appetite is a mental state, hunger a physical condition. Appetite may exist independent of hunger, and hunger may be present without appetite. One is purely psychic, the other purely physical. The aroma of the pots may stimulate or depress appetite, while the sight or odor of food has no effect on hunger.

The odor of the red lentiles boiling in the pot stimulated the appetite, and the wearisome chase created a physical craving in Esau. Jacob prepared the pottage of lentiles. Esau was in a receptive mood. Jacob was alert to drive a sharp bargain. Appetite and hunger formed a strong combination in Esau. Jacob, with his mess of greens was ready "to turn the trick."

The odor of the pot played the mischief with Esau. His appetite was getting the better of his judgment. His appetite made him feel that, if not satisfied, he was "at the point of death." Hungry doubtless he was, but the physical cry for food does not arise to such extremes in so short a time. To appease both appetite and hunger he was ready to close the sale. Jacob, the "plain man dwelling in tents," had a trap that caught the "cunning hunter."

"Sell me this day thy birthright," and swear to the sale was the demand, and the odor of the pottage was accessory to the demand.

The bargain was consummated. A birthright was exchanged for a mess of greens. It is the repetition of the old story; birthrights, honor, character, are sold for the tickling of the palate by the world's offering of a "pottage of lentiles." The satisfying of the appetite for a season barter away years of respectability and honor. The hunger of the moral nature is, like physical hunger, only satisfied with that out of which it is built up and made strong. There is no caprice, fickleness or repugnance in the hunger of our moral nature, it seeks only those elements that form a part of its own.

Man, by being a free agent, may place his mental attitude in opposition to his moral nature; he may wish to destroy it, to barter it for a season, to subject it to his own caprices, but the hunger of his moral nature returns with its cravings, only to find that the aroma of the pots falls on a non-responsive palate; appetite has palled; the mess of greens has turned sour; the birthright belongs to another.

THE KIND THAT FREEMAS- ONRY DOES NOT NEED

THAS been said that "some men are Masons out of idle curiosity; some to help them in their business or to secure aid in need or help in time of danger; some for its supposed mysteries, its distinctions, titles and decorations."

There is another class whose only desire is to "go up" with as little loss of time and money as possible. To the teachings, lessons and symbolism they are entirely oblivious. They care nothing for them and do not care to learn.

This class finds an excellent illustration in a conversation between two Masons. One had just taken the Master's Degree and was looking for "more light" as he conceived it. When asked if he had heard or learned anything in the degrees that he had taken that caused him to wish to go higher, he said: "No, I did not learn or see anything, but I want to 'go up.' " When it was suggested that he become a Royal Arch Mason, he replied: "Will that make me a 32nd?" When the Council Degrees were suggested after the Royal Arch, he again asked: "Will that make me a 32nd?" When he was informed that he would have to take the Scottish Rite to become a 32nd, he said: "Is that the place where you can sit for four days and then be 'high up' without any further effort or loss of time? That is what I want, but when I am a

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32nd will it also make me a Knight Templar?" When told that it would not make him a Knight Templar he was surprised and disgusted, but he came to himself sufficiently to ask: "What is that high degree of Masonry that unites the York and Scottish Rite, the great center toward which both point, the climax of all Masonry?" When informed that there was no such a Masonic degree, but that there is a social club whose members are either Knights Templar or Thirty-second degree Masons, known as the Shrine, he fairly leaped for joy, exclaiming: "That's it! That's it! I want to be a 'high Mason' by the shortest route possible. I don't care for anything else."

This is a true story of the motive that leads many to become Masons. A curse to Masonry, a curse to the Shrine, for a true Shriner is first and always a Mason. When will our Fraternity be relieved of this class of Masonic imbeciles?

“TEKEL”

DO MEN gather figs from thistles?” “Can golden acts come from leaden instincts?” is stating an aphorism.

The Bible and general literature are full of the axiomatic statements, that, like begets like in the physical, moral and intellectual world. Humanity is inclined to offer excuses for failure on the ground, that, “Nothing better could have been expected,” that man is bound by heredity and environment within certain limitations, and therefore man’s thoughts and acts must necessarily be hedged in by these limitations. He cannot rise above it. Yet, even admitting that man can act only within his capabilities, it does not free him from responsibility or deny the fact that he is a free moral agent. Every man is responsible to society, and as such, his acts and influence must be weighed in the balance of public opinion. If he fails to meet these responsibilities, if he is false to the trusts that society has placed in his hands, then the hand of judgment must write “Teckel,” on the walls of his conscience. Belshazzar was responsible for the Babylonian Empire; it was within his power to arise to the high plain of statesmanship or degenerate into the roll of a cheap practical politician. He preferred the latter, and in order to emphasize his contempt for sacred things, he dishonored the silver and golden vessels taken from the Temple in Jerusalem, “that the King and his Princess, his wives and his con-

cubines might drink therein." This drunken revelry, was similar to the modern New Year's Eve celebration, but amid this Bachanalian debauch, the King saw a part of a hand writing upon the plaisters of the wall "Mena, Mena, Tekel, Upharsin." The most humiliating portion of this writing was expressed in the word "Tekel":—"Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Can there be a more humiliating sense of dishonor and discredit come to any man, than to have the hand of public opinion write the edict, you have been a failure, you have been weighed in the balance of public opinion and found wanting. The greater responsibility, the greater the humiliation. The Belshazzars are numerous in public life. To some extent, little of honor or credit are expected from some of them. Their environment, morally and intellectually, is contracted and easily inclined and always ready to defend the base as against the pure. From such, society turns with disgust, for men do not gather grapes from a bramble bush.

Responsibility comes with every position in life be it lowly or exalted and "Tekel" may be written of Freemasons of low as well as men of high degree.

AN UNTURNED CAKE

Ephriam is a Cake not Turned—Hos. VII:8.

AN UNTURNED cake is not a cake; it is spoiled dough. If the unbaked cake could by some process of unbaking become dough again, then return and have both sides baked, it would not be a loss of food substance, but merely a loss of time; but an unturned cake is not a cake, neither dough; it is a dead loss of both food and time. A poor baker has had charge of the oven.

The world is full of unturned cakes. Men and women only half baked, brown on one side, soft and doughy on the other side. The quality of the dough may have been the best, but the baking has been poorly and incompletely done. The grain for the bread has been well selected through several years from the fittest, planted in the best soil, watered with providential rain, kissed by the warm sunshine, garnered and made into flour, then when it came to its mission of giving life and strength to the physical world it failed, because it was illy prepared. The quality is inherent and the best, but unpreparedness had thwarted Nature's bountiful hand. We have been our own cooks and bake our own cakes. Lack of qualification, lack of preparation, lack of adaptation, lack of adjustment are the stumbling blocks of the age. "What's the use?" is the cry of the coward, who has been made a craven by his lack of qualification for the work that he has essayed.

To the unprepared, the world seems harsh, unsympathetic and cruel, because the avenues of an honorable and successful life are open, only, to qualification. An unturned cake is unfit for sustenance; the unprepared man or woman is unfit for life's broad field of opportunities.

The simile of Ephraim to a cake unturned has its chief significance as an illustration of deceit, treachery, lack of moral courage and unfaithfulness. The unturned cake has two sides; one of a cake, the other of dough; crisp on one side, sticky, uncertain and treacherous on the other side.

Double faced; Janus; a false friend. The kiss of a Judas and the itching palm for the thirty pieces of silver. A weather vane, ready to turn either side as the majority or popular applause may indicate. On all moral questions the human oyster; the fawning sycophant, the spineless man — "Ephraim is a cake unturned."

A MAN WHO HAD NOT ON A WEDDING GARMENT

THE story of the man who came to a wedding feast without having on a wedding garment and what happened to him, is familiar to all Freemasons.

The parable contains an important lesson in civility and in the eternal fitness of things. The "wedding garment" that Freemasons should wear is the garment of civility and should be clothed with due appreciation of the common amenities of life.

Carelessness in the little things, the little niceties of life, is the besetting sin of many Masons, and rank boorishness is not an unknown characteristic of some.

A Freemason, above every thing else, should under all circumstances, be a gentleman. In dress, in speech, in acts and in character, he should show that he has been in the school of good manners and has on the wedding garment. There is a no more despicable man on earth than the ungentlemanly Mason, because he knows better.

We, in the hurry and bustle of life, are not only becoming callous, but are losing those gentle amenities that should distinguish a Mason. In our contempt for the snob and the sycophant, we are going too far in the opposite direction and

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have become careless in speech, slovenly in dress and boorish in action.

The Freemason who recognizes his limitations rarely lays aside his wedding garment, but self-conceit over-leaps all conventionalities and causes him to stand stripped in his nakedness.

The officer who pronounced the word, Phoenicians, as "Phonians," the word Gebal as "Gibil," and the word inestimable, as "in-es-steem-able," with the accent on the steem, and the word perambulation, as "preamlation," has never had a wedding garment; he is so mis-shapen that even a dictionary tailor can not make a fit.

Self-conceit is the greatest affliction that can come to an ignorant officer. He recognizes no limitations and is not entitled to sit at the feast. In a certain city, the various Masonic bodies gave receptions to the Master Masons and their families. These were the social Masonic events of the season. At these receptions a certain Mason was always conspicuous and chiefly so by his dirty collar, unshaven face, uncombed hair and careless makeup; not that he was poor, for a poor man can wear a clean collar and shave his face and brush his clothes. Patience ceased to be a virtue with this fellow; a committee waited upon him and gently informed him that his presence was undesirable, to leave the hall and not to return.

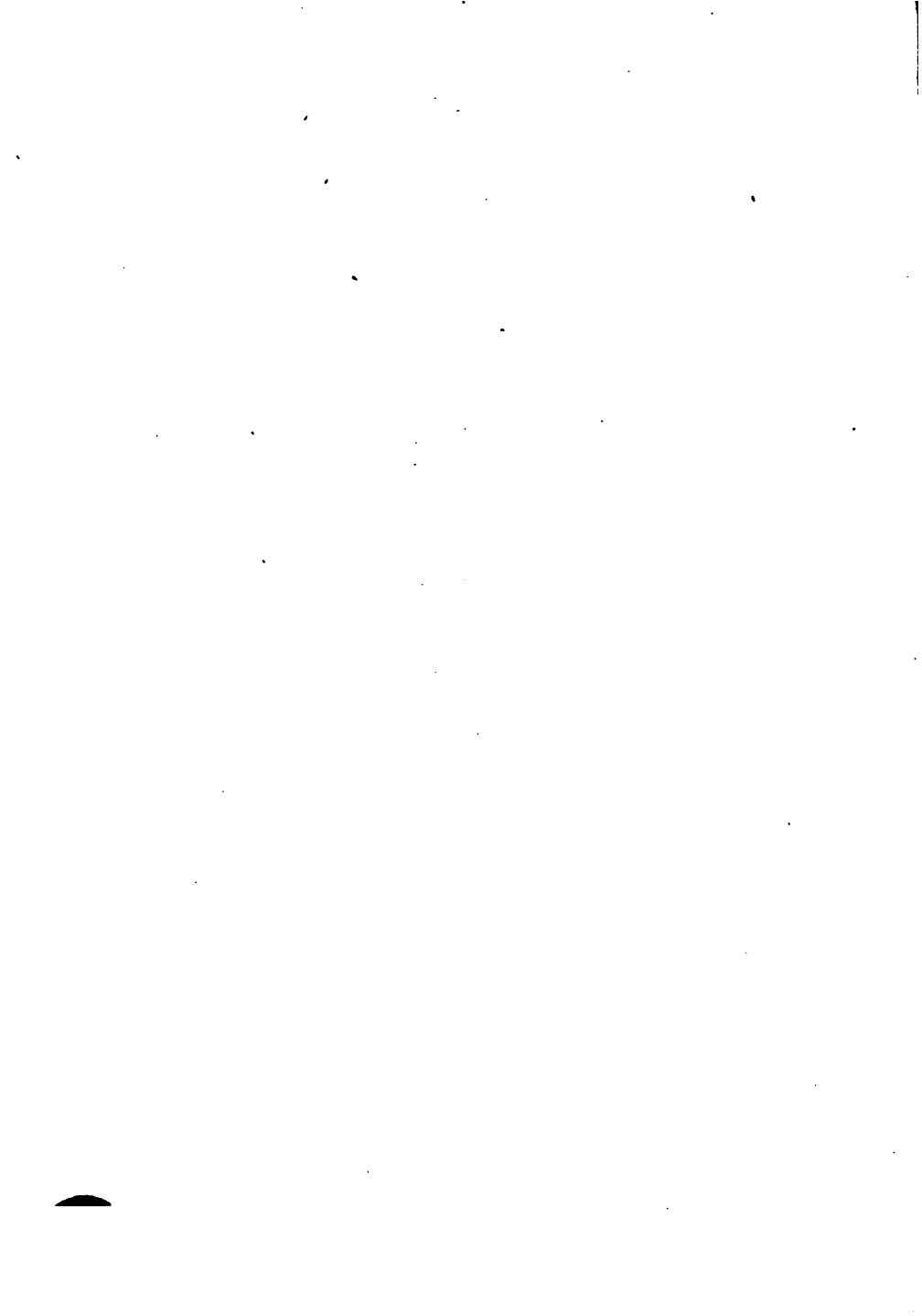
He was cast out and every self-respecting Mason was grateful. He did not have on the "wedding garment" of self respect and of the ordinary civilities of life. He needed a good

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laundry in more ways than one. The only thing that indicated that he was a Mason was the white apron that sagged over his abdomen.

A Freemason should be clean, of clean speech and clean actions; he should always wear the "wedding garment" of common civility and conform to those niceties of every day life that will characterize him as a gentleman.



“A BEAUTIFUL SYSTEM OF MORALS”

THE morality of the child might be termed a “spank” morality. Its knowledge of right and wrong is obtained by commendation and reproof; frequently the reproof has to be reinforced with the smooth side of a brush or with a slipper.

The child’s morality is built upon a basis of reward and punishment, and shaped by the parents’ conception of what constitutes right and wrong.

As the child grows to manhood, the morality evolved from such a basis becomes a conventional morality, in which the righteousness or oughtness is dependent on convenience, on public opinion, or fear of the law. This conventional morality seeks justification by law. It is to be regretted that the morality, as taught in some pulpits, does not reach a higher plane than the fear of Hell and the hope of Heaven. It is a self-centered, egotistical morality, yet it is better than no morality, for the obedient ox is more useful in the world than a wild steer.

Conventional morality, based upon reward or punishment, does not rise into the spiritual realm of man. It is merely the morality of the animal. It is the morality of evolution, evolved and keeping pace with the evolution of our physical and in-

tellectual powers from lower forms. Reduced to its ultimate analysis, such a morality is merely a convenient relation, or state, entered into between the intellectual and physical nature of man on the basis of comfort; a physical and intellectual satisfaction. Of itself it has no merit; it is born of selfishness, self-centered and egotistical; a convenient code of action to escape censure and avoid the penalty of law. It has no ethical conception, for ethics are founded upon a morality in which man recognizes his relation to himself, to his neighbor and to God.

Morality must be founded upon a recognition and a faith in God, because man is a triune being, represented by his physical, mental and spiritual nature. The physical is the machine; the mental the power, and the spiritual the guide. Our physical bodies are the result of evolution; our mental qualities the result of development; but our spiritual nature is neither an evolution nor a development, it is an *endowment*.

Morality is the outward manifestation of man's spiritual nature. It is independent of any physical or intellectual growth or change. It recognizes right because it is right, and wrong because it is wrong, without any process of reasoning. This recognition is a concept, independent of any demonstration. The spiritual nature is not derived from the animal, it is an endowment from the Father. It is the essence of the Divine in man. By it and through it are developed the highest and finest qualities of the mind. Through

it man may find justification in the sight of God; and through it, only, can he live by Faith. Such is the morality of Freemasonry. Upon it, its fabric is builded. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE PLEASURE OF ELECTING OUR POSITION

I WOULD rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.—Psalm 84:10.

Man is a free moral agent. He can elect to wallow with the hogs, or take his position in the ranks of morality and respectability. He is the sole agent of the position in life that he may wish to fill. He is a free man, in so far as he may elect to act, but such acts must be in harmony with those about him and must be based upon the principle of the greatest good, not to the majority, but the greatest good to all. A Freemason is a free man to elect for himself an honorable position in life, even if such position may be humble, rather than exalted, in the quarries rather than in the room of the designer; but it must be for the good of all.

A Freemason should not be the proverbial ass, that starved to death between two bales of hay, simply because he could or would not elect between them. There ought to be no difficulty in choosing between being a door-keeper in the Temple of honor and respectability, and dwelling in the tents of unrighteousness.

The hog returns to his wallow because he is a hog and his instinct does not permit him to choose anything better. The hog can grunt and squeal with delight in his bed of mud and filth.

Some people have the characteristics of Man, Hog and Ass, and frequently it is very difficult to tell which characteristic is in the supremacy.

Men of the door-keeper character are not all dead; the world has many such, although the tent dwellers seem to be in the majority. To be merely a door-keeper may imply self-denial and it may not bring the acclaim of the world, neither to dwell in the tents of worldly honor and awards. To be a door-keeper may not bear a princely salary or the honors of official distinction, but it may mean a self-denying service, a position of doing one's duty in the spirit of unselfish love.

To be a door-keeper may be to remove the rubbish of disappointed hope to discover the secret of the mystery of a sweeter and nobler song; to extend the hand of love to a weary sojourner in a toilsome journey over life's rough road; to give good cheer to the sorrowing, encouraging the halting and reclaim the wandering; to teach by example and precept that the door of which you are the keeper will swing open as readily for the peasant as for the prince, for the subject as for the king.

Is it not better for a Freemason to elect to be a door-keeper where honor dwells than to dwell in the tents of dishonor? Let the hog return to his wallow but let a Freemason elect to be a MAN.

THE MAJORITY AND MINORITY REPORT—TEN TO TWO



N ALL questions, where the forces of the good are arrayed against the evil, we can look for a divided report as to the practicability and feasibility of the contest.

The evil forces stand as a unit. The moral forces are generally divided. Too often the question of the morality of an undertaking is not based upon the abstract because it is right, but is it practical, will it pay, and will we endanger ourselves? Unfortunately the moral coward is more numerous than the moral hero. The ten outnumber the two. The majority report is far more pleasing than the minority report because moral backbone exists in the few.

There may exist a severe moral drought as shown by the report of the majority, and the people may fail to catch the vision, that the report of the minority is as, "a little cloud arising out of the sea, like a man's hand," presaging a fructifying rain and quickening the forces to a moral revival.

When Moses with the hosts of Israel came to the borders of the Promised Land, he sent out a committee of twelve men, one from each tribe, to spy out the land and make a report. After forty days of investigation, the twelve returned. Ten presented the majority report, while Caleb and Joshua filed a minority report.

As to the possibility of possessing the land the majority said: "We be not able;" the minority said: "We be able." As to the prowess of their enemies, the majority said: "They are stronger than we;" the minority said: "Their defense is departed from them." As to the character of the land, the majority, "Brought up an evil report;" the minority said: "It is an exceeding good land." As to the fertility of the soil, the majority said: "A land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof;" The minority said: "They are bread to us." As to the chance of conquering their enemies, the majority said: "We are in their sight as grasshoppers," the minority said: "The Lord is with us, fear them not."

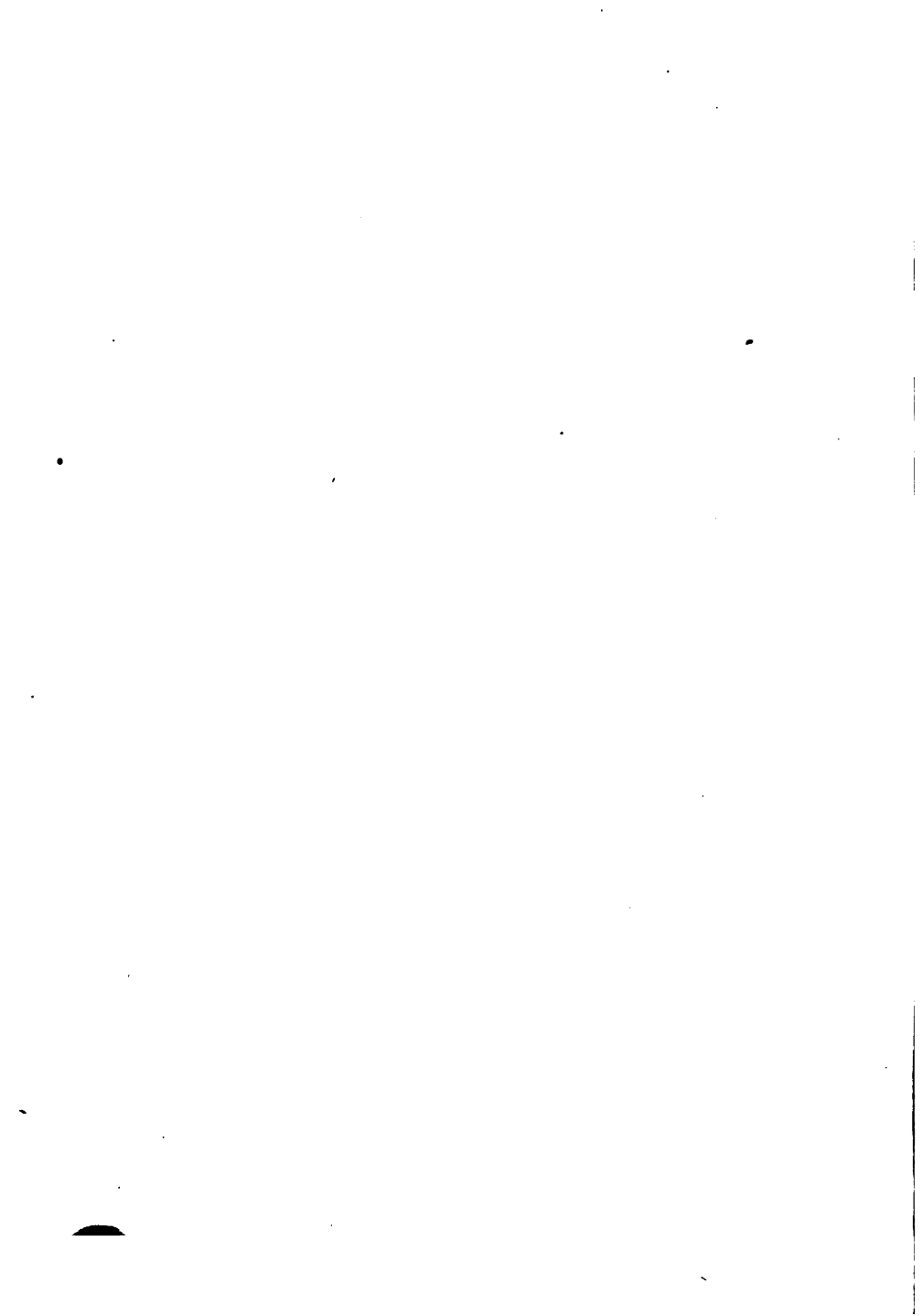
Can you find anywhere two reports more diametrically opposed to each other than these? The majority report has the tinge of moral cowardice. The report of Caleb and Joshua rises to moral heroism and to a climax of faith when they declared, "The Lord is with us, fear them not."

The ten were received with rejoicing and applause, but Caleb and Joshua were recieved with hoots and howls, cat-calls and hisses; even stoned and possibly were pelted with addled eggs. Doubtless from the treatment that Caleb and Joshua received they were looked upon as disagreeable, disturbers, cranks and bigots, but the ten were looked upon as broad-gauged, broad minded citizens.

But what was the final ending of the spirit in which these reports were received? Caleb and

Joshua entered the Promised Land, while the ten and the applauding followers wandered for forty years to die in the wilderness.

All moral questions will find their triumph when backed by the faith of a Caleb and Joshua, "The Lord is with us, fear them not." There cannot, must not be any compromise with evil or error. The battle for moral uprightness in Freemasonry, the battle for civic righteousness in our cities, will go on to conquest and the forces that have taken up the gauge of battle may be few, but "there arises a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand."—Then the deluge.



CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

FREEMASONRY is a moral agency and its numbers must be judged by its code of morals. The relation of a Freemason to his fellowmen, to the community, city and state, is so intimate that there necessarily must be a responsibility. Is a Freemason responsible for his civic acts?

The greatest and most severe charge made against Freemasonry is that where matters of morals are concerned, the public and official acts of the Mason do not differ and are no better than that of the non-Mason.

The question is asked: Can the people and the brethren place more trust and confidence in a civil officer because he is a Mason? Is a Mason above deceit, evasion, trickery and a deliberate betrayal of a public trust?

It is a matter of regret that the people have no more confidence in the word of a citizen or official who is a Mason than in a non-Mason. We may well ask why is it? Is it a fact that being a Mason is not a guaranty to acts of civic righteousness? Some of our officials who are Masons are responsible for this loss of confidence. Freemasonry and practical politics, Freemasonry and the liquor interests are incompatible; they will not mix.

Freemasonry and statesmanship are friends and go hand in hand. The people and the brethren expect and demand that a Masonic official shall

practice out of the lodge those things taught in the lodge.

We boast of the silent and potent power for civic righteousness in Freemasonry; no one can deny this fact, for the brethren out-number the mountebanks; but the non-Mason and the average citizen want to know and see it in some tangible form. In other words, is a State better governed, are our laws more just and better enforced, is a city better governed, is its police force more efficient, and are the people more free from misrule and are the morals of the community enhanced, because a Mason is the guiding power? This is what the people want and have a right to know. If the various departments of our government are no better managed by Masons than by non-Masons, then Freemasonry is a failure, and the Masons in public positions of trust are responsible for the existing conditions. They can not escape censure from the people, and they merit the severest condemnation of the brethren, for they have betrayed the fraternity.

No Mason who betrays his public trust need expect to escape criticism from the brethren. He cannot hide behind the plea of "free citizenship" when his acts as an official belie his profession.

Freemasonry has the right to try a member for the betrayal of his civic duties, just as much as if he had stolen a horse.

THE LEADER VERSUS THE BOSS

THE human family, and a great portion of the brute creation, is gregarious. Out of the Clan, Community, Party, Herd, or Flock, thus naturally formed, comes a chief, a leader or a boss. All advancement and all great successes in the physical and mental field of endeavor have been due to great leaders. In fact, there is no evolution without some governing force. Mental and moral activity is stimulated by leadership. The physical sciences, the science of government, education, economics and religion, are what they are, because of great leaders.

"The leader" is defined as, "A man fitted by force of ideas, character or genius, with ability to arouse, incite and direct men in conduct and achievement." "The boss" is defined as "A manager, a dictator, one who uses leadership arbitrarily for private or partisan purposes; the head of a ring or a gang."

From these definitions, we conclude that in the field of mental or moral achievements the leader and boss both are found; the leader to elevate, the boss to degrade humanity.

Freemasonry has been evolved from a purely operative guild to its present intellectual and moral excellency by leaders, not by bosses. Freemasonry has its leaders, whose influence is wide and far reaching; the power of the boss is gener-

ally local and restricted. The leader brings honor to the Fraternity; the boss brings disgrace. The leader leads by the very force of his ability that appeals to reason; the boss leads by mere assumption and appeals to prejudice and ignorance. The leader's field is in the higher nature of man; the boss finds his in the brute force of man.

The leader is frequently unseen, unheralded and always modest; the boss is always blatant, arrogant and egotistical. The leader leads unconsciously; the boss with effrontery and with a blare of trumpets. The leader's work is altruistic; that of the boss is self-centered. The followers of a leader are free, independent, thinking men; the followers of the boss wear his collar and bear his brand. To the leader there is immortality; to the boss there is a transient notoriety.

It is for you to choose your chieftain; shall it be a leader or a boss?

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS

BROTHERHOOD implies mutual helpfulness. Mutual interest in each other's welfare. Self-denial, that another may be benefitted; Brotherhood interests above self-interest.

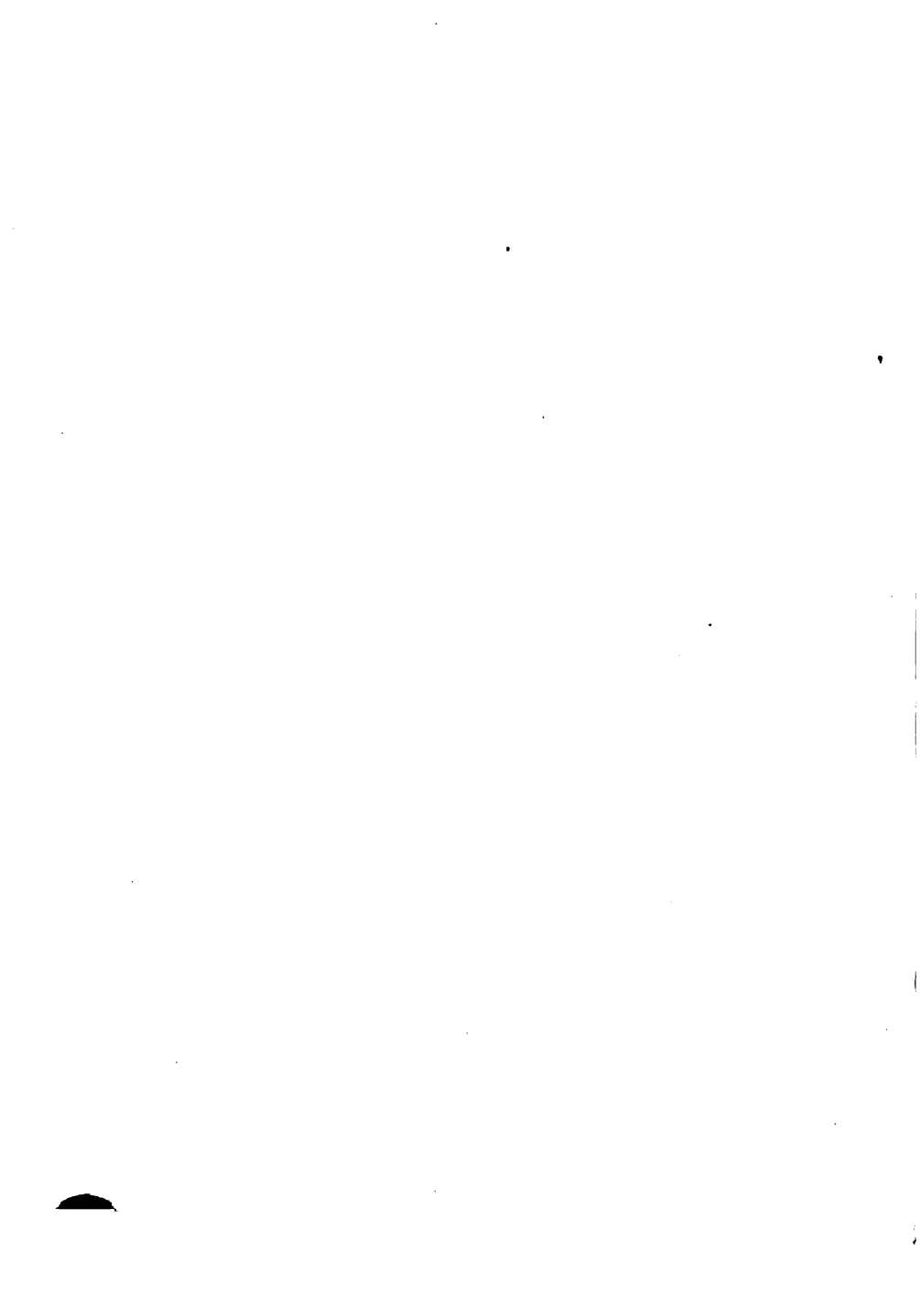
Freemasonry implies all this; yet do Masons feel that mutual interest in one another and in each others families, that will cause them to help each other in all things lawful and right? Do Masons patronize each other, provided they can be as well served by a Brother Mason as by a non-Mason? Does Freemasonry extend a mutual helpfulness outside of the lodge room? The casual observer will unhesitatingly say, no. To him there does not seem to exist that bond of Brotherhood which causes one Mason to patronize another in the material things of the world. We recently asked a man who had been a Mason for many years if he believed and carried out this belief in mutual help among Masons? He replied as follows: "Yes, from the shoes on my feet to the hat on my head, every article of clothing was bought from a Mason; every article of food used in my family comes from a Masonic grocer and a Masonic meat market and, if it were possible, only Masonic hens could lay eggs for me. I have no rule in this matter; I have simply, ever since I became a Mason, patronized Masons without giving it a thought as to why I did it, but because I considered it a part of my Masonic duty. I have

been a Mason for nearly forty years and during this time I have invariably patronized Masons, even when I was not served by them as I would have been by a non-Mason. Why? Because it is mutual helpfulness and a duty. My early Masonic impressions may have something to do with it, as I was made a Mason in a small country town, where the spirit of Brotherhood and mutual interests are stronger, and I have never outgrown the habit by living in the city.

“Do I expect the same treatment from my Brethren? Well, no, I have never given it a thought; if a Mason wishes to patronize someone else, that is his business, and I sincerely hope that my Freemasonry has not the selfish element in it that would cause me to think ill or feel slighted by one who does not patronize me. I try to do my duty as I see it, and ask no favors of anyone, merely, because I am a member of the Craft. I have but one lamp to guide me in my dealings with mankind—an honest Mason, first, always. An honest Mason, yes, for there are dishonest men and crooks in Masonic Lodges, so that a Masonic pin or a watch charm does not always proclaim an honest man. Some of the meanest, smallest, dishonest tricks that have been played on me were by men who are members of a Masonic Lodge, but this class are mere exceptions and has not changed my faith in the honesty of the members of the Craft.

But we must not forget that mutual help implies mutual independence, mutual qualifications,

fitness and ability. An incompetent, indifferent, lazy Mason should not expect patronage. The law of the survival of the fittest also prevails in Freemasonry, and the Mason who is not fitted or qualified should not find fault if he fails to secure patronage. Good, honest and capable Masons are found in every business and avenue of life, and it is our moral duty to patronize them. Give your favors and business to Masons, for it is mutual helpfulness.



“GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS”

DEMETRIUS was human, and the same human streak runs through the family of men. He was a silversmith and made little silver shrines for Diana, the goddess of the Ephesians. These little silver shrines were a great source of revenue to Demetrius and his craftsmen. But he would have been the same Demetrius, morally, whether he made shrines, clipped coupons, raised potatoes or sold eggs.

When Paul denounced the worship of Diana as idolatrous, the sale of silver shrines began rapidly to decline. Demetrius and his craftsmen sought to counteract the effect of Paul's preaching by going about the city and yelling "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." He and his craftsmen thought, by making a great and loud noise, the people would believe that, judging by the noise, the whole city was still faithful to Diana, and it might, incidentally, scare away this disturber, Paul. It was a sort of an effort to keep their spirits up by whistling. But Demetrius was not a fool, he knew well that if the worship of Diana ceased, there would be no longer any sale of silver shrines. Not that he cared for Diana or her worship; it was the coin that came so plentifully into his coffers that concerned him.

If he had been modern, he would have taken out an injunction against Paul, or referred his

preaching to the police commissioners, or sent out his walking delegates to post Paul as unfair to silversmiths, or had the bankers, where he kept his money on deposit, go to Congress and protest against the unreasonableness of this restraint of trade.

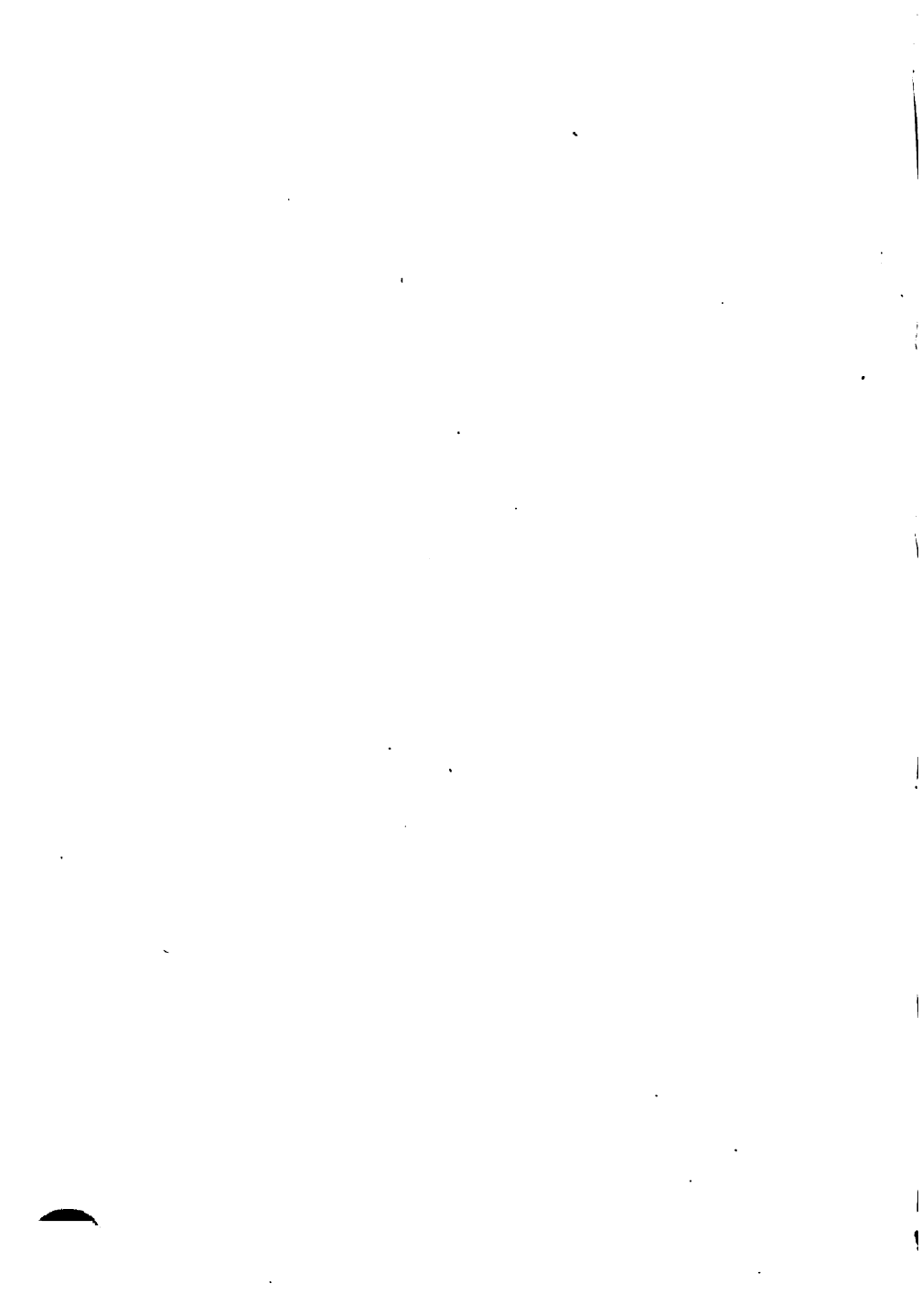
"Great is Diana of the Ephesians" was not a cry of worship; even if it had been, although idolatrous, it would have had some merit of sincerity; but it was the cry of greed, of selfishness. It was the god, self-interest, and not Diana, that Demetrius and his craftsmen worshipped.

All public questions, all procedures looking toward the public welfare, are measured by the triple test: Are they moral; are they feasible; are they practicable? The carrying into effect of any public question, or making any procedure effective, always meets self-interest standing in the way. If the questions or public policy do not restrict or stop the sale of the little silver shrines, they are good, but if they do interfere with the silver shrines, then they are not feasible, and are wholly impracticable.

Demetrius and his craftsmen are everywhere. Anti-saloon legislation is all right, but it must not interfere with any little silver shrines. Demetrius in all large cities opposed the suppression of vice, as his little silver shrines of high rents must be saved, and the Demetrius of the police force would not have his little silver shrines of graft destroyed.

All moral reforms, all legislation in favor of the poor and the oppressed, all efforts to check the greed of the special privileges, run counter to the little silver shrines.

Whenever and wherever you hear the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," civic righteousness is abroad in the land and the little silver shrines are in danger. Demetrius stands behind the cages in our banks, in the business houses, at the bar, sometimes in the pulpit, in the legislative halls, sometimes behind a Freemason, everywhere protecting the sale of the little silver shrines.



FOR THE FUN OF IT

A NON-IDEALISTIC friend asked me: Why do you devote time to Freemasonry when there is no money in it? My answer is: For the Fun of it. This world, that appears so cold and selfish to many, is just full of Fun. It is heaving, tossing, rollicking, rolling and screaming with Fun, if we have eyes to see it, hearts to feel it and minds to recognize it. F-U-N spells gratitude, devotion, satisfaction, happiness, pleasure. Fun is the tocsin of doing, of feeling. There is Fun in every thing and the man who does not get Fun out of doing is a failure. If I were a Minister, I would find Fun in preaching the gospel; as a physician, Fun in relieving pain; as a lawyer, Fun in a brief; as a judge, Fun in the befuddled jury; as a bank president or its cashier, Fun in "being behind the grates;" as a merchant, Fun on the counter; as a wife, fun in washing dishes, dirty hands and faces; as an old maid, fun in having escaped; there is Fun in honest toil, and a bushel of Fun in holding a plow behind a span of balky horses. There is Fun in stones, in books, in running brooks, Fun in everything. There is also pain, anguish and untold sorrow, but these are the minor chords that go to make up life's sweet, harmonious, soul inspiring Overture. Fun is the synonym of "I serve." "I serve" is the essence

of true worth, the test of royal manhood. "I serve" although I stand and wait. Fun is service. Fun will make even the sour man sing hallelujahs. Give me Fun, for Fun is Hope and Love.

HYSTERIA IN FREEMASONRY

THERE is a certain mental condition, as set forth frequently in our Masonic literature, especially in that great forum, the Masonic press, that gives strong evidence of what may be termed Hysteria. It has not attained to that solidarity that we can characterize it as hysterical Freemasonry; it has such a spasmodic, fantastic and grotesque manifestation, that the term hysteria in Freemasonry is more suggestive, and at the same time relieves the fraternity of the onus of the disease and places it on the individual.

Freemasonry must not be held responsible for it, either by heredity or by environment; it is purely an exotic growth. Hysteria has been defined as, "Repressed Desire;" hence it is purely a mental state. We find hysteria in medicine, in religion, in law, in Pedagogics, in philosophy, in fact it abounds in all systems of thought. It should not, therefore, be thought strange that this mental quirk, this cerebration cut on the bias, should manifest itself in Freemasonry. The disease is not contagious in the accepted sense of the word, but it is transmitted by mimicry. If a circus comes to town and the boys succeed in attending it, the barns and woodsheds are filled for months, thereafter, by embryo rope walkers, contortionists and bare back riders. A transmission by imitation. It is equally true in Freemasonry; let some one expound something that looks, tastes,

smells and sounds profound, imitators will spring up from all quarters. The more incomprehensible the seeming profundity, the greater the number of gymnasts in the Masonic barns and woodsheds. I have always believed that Freemasonry was a very practical thing; a something that manifests itself, chiefly, in a man's life; that it is a life and not a theory; practical living and doing, not dreaming and philosophizing. That it was a beautiful, everyday, practical system of morality veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols; not veiled to confuse or hide, but to make plain; not buried in symbols to obscure, but to fix indelibly some plain, possibly, homely truth. I have believed that the allegory and the symbol in Freemasonry stood in the same relation to the candidate that the parables of the "Great Teacher" stood in relation to the multitudes who heard Him. The allegory, the symbol and the parable are but different modes of expression to make clear the thought. But now comes the Masonic Philosopher and the Masonic Symbologist with eyes in fiery frenzy rolling, actuated and influenced by this "Repressed desire" and says: "It is all a mistake, Freemasonry is not such a simple thing, as everyday living and doing; no it is a sublime, profound system of metaphysics, that only the Ancient Wise men understood and could explain; a philosophy so obstruse that the average Mason, and, possible, a Past Grand Master, is a mere babe and suckling in the comprehension of it. I once met a man in a lunatic asylum, who came to me with

crude geometrical figures of a sphere, a cube, an equilateral triangle, and a right angle triangle, drawn on the bottom of a paste board box. He explained to me that the three sides of the equilateral triangle represented the three great forces of Nature, namely, the upsideness, the downsideness and the downupsideness or the upsidedownness; as long as the upsideness and downsideness maintain their proper relation and were greater in power than the third side represented by the downupsideness or the upsidedownness, everything would be harmonious; but should these three great forces ever become projected, so as to form a right angle triangle, so that the square of the downsideupness or the upsidedownness becomes equal to the sum of the squares of the upsideness, and downsideness, than chaos and evil would reign, and as the cube, representing the universe, consists of many right angle triangles, there would be an endless disturbance in the cosmogony of the world. I admired his vast learning and profundity, and I was mere suckling to his theme and theory. I advised him to write it out in full and that I would give him the names of several Masonic papers which would be more than delighted to publish it. This man had been judged insane, he was not a hysteric.

A Masonic hysteric is a man with a wild imagination plus a symbol. The beauty about a symbol, is its flexibility; you can see more things in it and through it than were ever dreamed of by mortal man, and no man can say to you, nay. It

is said that a Masonic hysteric one day saw some rabbit tracks in the snow and he immediately began to demonstrate the fact that the rabbit had a working knowledge of the Omniscience, Omnipresence and Omnipotence of Diety, because the tracks were triangular in outline.

What I have said may sound jestingly, but we need not go far to see the convulsions of these hysterics. I quote one from a leading Masonic Journal; listen to its profundity:—"Therefore when we consider the profound truths, marvelous philosophy, and exact sciences upon which Freemasonry is founded, and which bear the earmarks of centuries of scientific research, such as the careful observer must admit is contained in the work, we must banish for all time the thought that the Craft was founded by any others than Masters of the Great School of Natural Science and Philosophy who permitted it to be known to the profane that the Guild or Craft was one of the operative Masons, for the purpose only to hide the real truths and its true object from those hostile to the institution. This object was and has been for centuries to give to the human race TRUTH concerning the creation of the universe and the continuity of life after death, the immortality of the soul and the relation which exists between this planet and the inhabitants of the whole universe. These truths are founded upon exact science, demonstrable by the Master in the possession of the knowledge, the whole being figured out on geometrical lines. Naturally this truth

would come in conflict with orthodox and dogmatic religion."

His first claim is, that Freemasonry did not spring from the operative Mason and the history of such an ancestry was used merely as a blind behind which the Masters of the Great School of Natural Science and Philosophy hid themselves from hostile foes. No one will deny that the so-called philosophy was engrafted into Masonry with the evolution of the Royal Arch. Many of the symbols and emblems in the Lodge Ritual were added during the period of Ritualistic development by Clare, Dunkerly, Hutchinson and Preston, but to claim that the Great Masters stole the livery of the Operative Craft as a mask through fear of hostility is absurd and unworthy of consideration, and it is to be regretted that the simple philosophy of right living should be perverted into an occult science and paraded as Masonic.

But the sum and substance of this "Repressed desire" is, that Freemasonry is a science plus a philosophy, which, when applied along "Geometrical lines," we may know the truth that will reveal to us immortality, the continuity of life after death, and the relation that exists between us and the inhabitants of Mars, Venus and Saturn and we may even greet the Jupiterites. But he confesses that this wonderful science along geometrical lines, "Would come in conflict with orthodox and dogmatic religion." It is painful to think how many of us have been groping blindly and in darkness for many years under the delusion that

the "Great Light" on our Altar reveals to us a merciful Father, the hope of immortal life and our duty to God and our neighbor, and have overlooked the great source of Truth revealed along Geometrical lines. Possibly we ought to replace the Holy Bible on our Altar with a copy of Euclid. But the author leaves a loop hole for our escape by saying farther along in his article:—"This is plain enough to one who is sufficiently interested and intelligent." I plead guilty to the last charge. These citations are given merely as an illustration of the kind of hysterical literature that is being written under the guise of Freemasonry.

But Hysteria is protean in its nature; it appears suddenly in unexpected quarters and under various disguises. Several years ago it broke out in the etymological field when a new prophet arose who contended that the words "Free Mason" are derived from the Egypto-Coptic language, and mean "Children of Light." This was a brand new discovery and from an unlooked-for source. Immediately the Masonic barns and woodsheds were filled with etymological gymnasts, but they have merely rehearsed the old stunt without any additional thrills. Listen: "If we are to believe that our words, 'Free Mason' are derived from the ancient Egypto-Coptic language in which 'Phree' means light, knowledge, wisdom, or intelligence, while 'Messem' was the plural of 'Mes,' signifying children; hence we were originally known as children or sons of light, wisdom and intelligence. Then, considering this, the true

conception of the word 'Free Mason,' it will be seen that everything else is consistent, placing in evidence not only the spiritual and philosophical teachings of the Craft, but also showing the oriental origin and great antiquity of our beloved Order."

This is indeed a beautiful conception and we can only wish that Masons were children of the light, even if the etymology is very wabbly. The assertion that the words, Free Mason, are derived from the Egypto-Coptic language is another figment of fancy thrown out by "Repressed desire;" an effort to bolster up the flimsy claim that Freemasonry is founded upon the Egyptian mysteries. The facts are, there never was an Egypto-Coptic language. The Coptic language was spoken by the people of the Nile, until the Saracen conquest; it lives today only in Biblical literature, enriched with Greek and Hebrew words and embellished with a Greek culture of the Alexandrian School. The Egyptian language for the last twelve hundred years has been Arabic, and if there is or ever was a language known as Egypto-Coptic, it is a mongrel and not recognized by the best authorities.

The English language is made up of words derived from the divisions and subdivisions of the great Aryan Race whose root language is the Sanskrit. Upon this derivation, the etymology of the English language is based. The word "Free" can be traced back through the six or seven different languages to the Sanskrit root word,

"Priya," the original meaning being beloved or dear. Through the different languages in which it can be traced it has its present meaning, "Free."

The word, "Light," comes from the Sanskrit word, "Ruch," meaning brightness. The root of this word is found in the language of all Nations, and means brightness or to shine. In the derivation of these two words can any one discover any relation whatever between the root "Priya" and the word "Ruch?" The wildest stretch of the imagination can not make them synonymous.

The claim that "Messem" is the plural of "Mes" will not bear investigation because in the Coptic Language the plural of a word ending in a consonant was formed by adding the letter "I," hence if the derivation were true it should be "Mesi," not "Messem." Judging from the spelling of the word Mason in the several centuries, the Egypto-Coptic word "Mes" had a difficult course to travel to find its imaginary plural. In the 16th Century the word was spelled "Maisson," "Masones" and "Maison." In 1611 we find the expression "Frie men of Maissones;" in 1634 it appears as "Frie Masones;" in 1636 it was written "Frie Mason." But not until 1725 was the Fraternity known as a "Society of Freemasons."

If the word Mason and the word Children, were ever synonymous we ought to be able to trace the root of these words. The word Child comes from the Sanskrit word Ga or Gan meaning "to beget." From this root word up through all the languages the world means child.

The word Mason can be traced back through all the prominent languages to the Sanskrit root, "Mit," which means to cut. Can any one find even a possible relation between the words meaning to be born, and to cut? Will any one claim that they are synonymous? Unfortunately for this fancy of "Repressed Desire," the lexicographers and etymologists are all on the other side of the question.

If "The spiritual and philosophical teachings of the Craft and the oriental origin and great antiquity of our beloved Order" depend on such flimsy and untenable arguments or hypotheses, then the Craft is in danger, both as to its teachings and its origin. If any Mason wishes to draw geometrical figures and lines, and evolve from them that life continues beyond the grave, and to demonstrate the relation between the planets and the inhabitants thereof, no one will deprive him of the pleasure; but the Book on our Altar declared many Centuries ago that: "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge." If any Mason wishes to amuse himself with the sacred triangles of Pythagoras, to demonstrate the unity of the world and the existence of Deity, well and good; but Freemasonry postulates the existence of God. If any Mason enjoys himself by delving into the mysteries of Egypt and the Kabbalah, no one will gainsay his zeal in his efforts to prove immortal life, the evidence of the

spiritual world and the perfection of the Divine nature. It is well; but, Freemasonry accepts all this as axiomatic and concerning which there can be no denial.

Freemasonry is not a science of mental gyrations and abstractions, but it is the science of utilitarian thinking; it is not a philosophy of speculation, but it is the philosophy of doing; it is not a symbolism of Occult Sciences, but it is the mystery of the unfolding of a larger life; it is not so much as to origin, as it is to destiny; it is not so much as to certainty of the past, as it is to the certainty and permanency in the future. The liberal arts and sciences are worthy of every Mason's time and zeal, but these do not constitute Freemasonry. The ancestry of Freemasonry through the operative Craft is noble, the teachings of Freemasonry are sublime. Strained symbolism, abstract philosophy and etymological hypotheses add nothing to its luster, but rather dim its radiance in the broad field of practical morality.

Sentiment is the greatest thing in the world. Freemasonry is sentiment in action.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF FREEMASONRY

AN ORATION.

PRIDE in ancestry may beget a fool; but
pride in ancestry may beget a man.
Aristocracy may be ignoble; but aristocracy may be the summit of excellence.

We may feel a just and commendable pride in our parentage, but that pride must be based on more than name, lineage or antiquity. It must rest upon a foundation that will stand the test in the field of morals. It must satisfy the query: What has your ancestry accomplished, what are the descendants doing, what will they do? Is its boast a mere assumption? Where in the archives of nations is its record? Where among the ruins of the past is its imprint? Where in morals is its altruism? Where in society is its altar, and where in the home is its beneficence?

Ancestry may be humble, but the descendants noble. "What can and are you doing," and not "Who is your father," is the question the utilitarian asks in this practical age.

It is not so much of interest to me, whence and where Masonry came; but rather what does it teach? What are the fundamentals of its power? Where lies the secret of its achievement? What does Masonry bear on her out-stretched hand to place on the brow of her devotees? Let us examine this ancestry of Freemasonry and

see if we cannot find a valid claim to the proud title of an aristocracy, an aristocracy in this that he who serves best, rules best. May we not find that antiquity is incidental to her development, while the key that unlocks the casket of her jewels lies hidden in the foundation of her Temple.

Too many Masons are archaeologists, with whom nothing passes current but the antique, while they fail to observe the gems of her treasure house that lie strewn in their imaginery excavations.

What is the fundamental principle of Freemasonry? In order to answer this question permit me to ask another question. Why are the allegories, the traditions of Freemasonry based on Jewish history, and its symbolism clings around the building of King Solomon's Temple? There must be a purpose, a profound reason for this historic and symbolic arrangement. If it be mere antiquity, then why is Freemasonry not based upon Assyrian history, that antecedes Jewish history by at least four hundred years, or Chaldean history that antedates it two thousand years, or Egyptian, that made a history fifteen hundred years before the call of Abraham? The Shepherd Kings ruled Egypt seven hundred years before the return of the children of Israel from bondage; and Rameses ruled five hundred years before King Solomon ascended the throne. Nations powerful and great dotted the vast countries of Asia, Southern Europe and Northern Africa when Israel was wandering in the desert out of Egypt.

tian slavery. No, it can not be in the antiquity of national life that Freemasonry lies. Is it in art? Sculpture and painting were known twelve hundred years before the Queen of Sheba beheld the glory of the wise King. And later in Greece and Rome the canvas spoke and the rough stone gave birth to divine forms. Is it in general literature? Olen the first composer of hymns, wrote four hundred years before David sang his psalms of praise and thanksgiving; Lycurgus gave the Spartan laws when Elijah the Tishbite, won his victory on Carmel's heights and fled a wanderer through Canaan; Homer sang his Iliad of heroes and of Troy when Ahab and Jezebel were violating the laws of God and man; Sappho sang in Greece when Judah fell under the strong arm of the Assyrian King. No, there was none save deistic literature in Jewry.

Do we find it in architecture? The pyramids reared their lofty heads and the Sphinx bared her face to the rising sun two thousand years before God gave the plans of his Temple to David. The obelisks, that today are the wonder of the world, the colossal architecture of the Nile, that amazed the architectural thought of the nineteenth century, were executed twenty centuries before the foundation of the Temple was laid on Mt. Moriah. The architecture of Thebes and Ancient Babylon, more magnificent than the Temple of Solomon, had flourished and crumbeled into ruins before a king ruled in Israel. There was no architecture in the Kingdom of Israel, even the Temple of

King Solomon, so magnificent in the splendor of its gold, silver and precious stones, had no architectural beauty, and whatever claim it had to beauty and ornamentation was wrought by foreign hands. The Temple grew in matchless beauty under the skillful touch of Hiram, the widow's son and his co-laborers, the Dyonesian Society of Architects. His hand guided the structure of arches and columns, his hands molded the holy vessels and pillars of "strength and establishment." Hiram Abiff, a foreigner wrought the divine plan into beauty and adorned it with splendor. No, there were no architects among the Jews, and architecture did not flourish in Jewry.

Shall we find it in philosophy? The Jewish nation had none. From the call of Abraham to the final dispersion of that nation by the order of Nero, 79 A. D., no philosopher or system of philosophy had risen among them. Sages or wise men had lived, but no system of philosophy was ever born in Palestine.

Thales founded Ionic philosophy when the captives of Israel were mourning in Babylon. Pythagoras taught in Greece when Zerubbabel began the rebuilding of the second Temple; Socrates the greatest heathen philosopher, Plato and Aristotle, lived, taught and died, when Malachi, the last writer of the Old Testament, proclaimed the coming of the Divine Messenger.

No; it is not in mere antiquity. Neither in the liberal arts and sciences, neither in painting or sculpture, neither in general literature, neither

in architecture. No, nor in philosophy do we find the genesis of Freemasonry. Strip the Jewish nation of all these, the fundamental principle still remains. She who was "great among the nations, and Princess among the Provinces" of the old world, stands today, solitary and alone, as majestic among the nations of the earth, as when her songs of praise echoed through the hills and vales of far-away Palestine. Dispersed, persecuted, maligned, her people scattered like autumn leaves before a wintry blast, into every country and nation of the world. Israel still stands peculiar, but great.

As we gaze into the dim past, stretching over a vista of nearly four thousand years, away back over the ruins of nations; back over the graves of kings and subjects; back to the first blush of morn of national life; back to the hurried tread of the coming millions, we see an old man leading a nomadic host over the plains of Chaldea, toward the mountain and river of the setting sun—out of Ur to Canaan.

We can see others coming from the same plains and pitching their tents along the Nile, in Greece, in Assyria, by the Tiber, into the forests of the North and the plains of the South; the earth teemed with the coming nations. With national life came a religious life, and the greatness of that national life was and ever is measured by its religious life.

An angel stood at the door of Abraham's tent and said: "I will make thee a great nation." With

that promise, Abraham and Monotheism entered Canaan. Polytheism traveled with the many. Monotheism went with the few. We behold Polytheism ruling the world, while Monotheism ruled but one nation. The nations had many Altars; Israel had but one. The world worshipped many gods; Israel worshiped the "only true and living God." Israel's power lay not in her art, sculpture, architecture or philosophy; but her might rested in her religion. Today her belief has conquered the world. Israel's faith has subdued Kingdoms and powers; the reign of Polytheism has ended and Monotheism reigns triumphant. Egypt with her architecture has fallen, Greece with her philosophy lives only in song, and Rome with her art and literature slumbers in the grave of national oblivion. Israel's faith rules as conqueror; 'tis the foundation of hope, the realization of the dream of ages and sages, the religion of civilization, the emancipation of man. Thou genius of Israel:

"O Master Spirit of the years
So long weighed down with heavy chains,
Thy hour of triumph swiftly nears
And everywhere Jehovah reigns.

"Thou wert as first as Abram styled,
And dwelt within the land of Ur,
Holding God's image undefiled
'Gainst dreaded Bel of dead Nippur.

"As Moses in the Pharaoh's realm,
Thou kept alive God's altar fires,

Leaving the years to overwhelm
The pyramids and pagan pyres.

"As David thou were first to see
And sing the songs which ne'er shall cease;
That God is love and makes us free;
And in God's love is endless peace.

"Today in philanthropic ways,
In help and helpfulness combined,
The wondrous work surpasses praise
And raises heavenward mankind."

If the religion of a nation is the test of her power, her greatness, her civilization and her perpetuity, then the religion upon which a system of morals is based, is the test of its power, its beneficence and perpetuity among men.

That which made Israel great, that which made Israel the chosen people of God has made America our heritage, and the object of our exultant song:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Our Father's God to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
Of Thee we sing."

That which made Israel's might, has made Masonry great and beneficent, for Masonry's foundation is the "Rock of Ages," her song, "Our Father's God."

"For us, O Spirit, thou has passed
The fire and flood, the scourge and sword;
For us, thy sons are to the last
The chosen people of the Lord."

Then when you ask me what is the fundamental principle of Freemasonry, I would answer, Israel's Altar,—Israel's God. Masonry's lineage is noble, her ancestry divine, the true aristocracy of the world. Her traditions and allegories must of necessity, be veiled with Jewish history, and her symbolism entwines like rarest flowers and foliage, around the Temple of Israel's God.

In his conception of the fundamental principle of Freemasonry, we have the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. I wish to emphasize this point and declare that there cannot be, and never has been, a system of morality recognizing "the Brotherhood of Man" outside of the belief in a personal God; a system based upon the Fatherhood of God must kneel at the same altar that Abraham knelt.

Masonry is preeminently religious; Masonry is civilization, not heathenism; Masonry is altruistic, not egotistic. I know of none other; we can recognize none other. I protest against the claims of the ancient Egyptian rites or the ceremonies of the followers of Confucius as being Masonic. Ceremonies and symbols do not constitute Masonry. The spirit gives it life, and by its fruit it shall be known.

Has art, sculpture, painting, architecture, literature and philosophy no relation to Masonry?

Yes, they are its adornments, and find their highest conception in the fundamentals of Masonry. Masonry is preeminently progressive, and while it not only inculcates moral truths, it also demands an advancement along the line of a scholastic investigation. It is the promoter and encourager of every art and science that has for its end the uplifting of man. The genius of Masonry is progressive; it appeals to the aesthetic; it appeals to the philosophic and would surround the mind and hearts of its devotees with every thing that can beautify and adorn the mental, moral and spiritual nature of man.

The spirit of Masonary is that which tuned the harp for the immortal strain of a Handel, a Hayden and a Mendelssohn; that touched the deep and majestic tones of a Milton, the spiritual sweetness of a David, the genius of an Addison, a Whittier, a Longfellow and a Tennyson; that sounded the depths of unlimited space and brought forth the music of countless worlds to our enchanted ears in a Keppler and a Newton; that descended into the earth and unfolded its pages, penned in the rocks of centuries, to a Gray and an Agassiz; that touched the brush of a Raphael and the chisel of an Angelo and made canvas, fresco and rock speak in living realities. That spirit that came like a gentle wind and dispersed the metaphysical fog of ancient philosophy, dethroned its selfishness and placed it upon the only sure foundation—that, "I am my brother's keeper."

The genius of Masonry would speak to us in trumpet tones; Grow in mind, grow in heart. Read, if you have never read before; study if you have never studied before. Investigate; reach up; up; Climb to that attainable height set us, a prize to every man—a well stored mind and a broad benevolence. Make Masonry a life within you, a life whose heart throbs will fill the world, and pulsate into immortality.

The world is growing better—I know it, I feel it. The spirit of Masonry is growing in power; its beneficence is becoming more apparent every year. Men are not living so much for the enjoyment in this life alone, neither are they using this life altogether in preparing for the one to come; but Masonry is teaching us that there are two lives to live—one transient, the other eternal. To live the present one is not all folly, neither is it all penance; that we can not live for self alone whether it be in extreme selfishness or in self negation. But more and more prominently and with increased luster shines the triple star of our three-fold duty—"To God, your neighbor and yourself."

Some would have us believe that Masonry is a system of seeking after truth, a fog bank, a groping in the dark, a seeking after an imaginery something that someone calls Truth. That we are on board a derelict without a compass or rudder, and drifting in the seaweeds of mystical speculation. If Masonry is a system of seeking after truth, then it is like an inverted cone, and its

devotees are climbing up to reach the foundation. No, Masonry has a foundation, solid, eternal, and that foundation is, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." We are not seeking the Truth, we start with it and upon it we erect our Masonic edifice and adorn it with the foliage and the flowers of a life whose feet are swift to run on missions of love whose knees are ever humble in the recognition of divine favors, whose heart is expanded in charity, whose hand will raise the fallen, and whose lips will ever bring joy and gladness.

Neither is Masonry a system of Philosophy. The genius of the inherent principle of Masonry manifested its wondrous power in the great battle between Polytheism and Monotheism, when Rome was the proud mistress of the world, as she sat upon her seven hills with the nations of the earth as her footstool. The philosophy of that age had reached the summit of its power over the thoughts of man. The accumulated wisdom of the greatest minds of the polytheistic world was concentrated in Rome and shown in special splendor in the teachings of Stoical philosophy. From the very dawn of metaphysical speculations, as represented by the philosophy of Thales, down through the years of Socrates, Aristotle and Plato, until we arrive to the Stoical philosophy of a Seneca, there is manifested a reaching out for a firmer foundation of man's relation to man, and his relation to a Creator, until it culminates in the stern self-denying

Stoicism or the self-gratifying doctrine of the Epicureans. Stoicism taught that virtue alone was excellence, that the environments of life were accidentals, that virtue makes one man superior to another, "to hope for little;" that life was virtue in action and ever under the control of reason. That love, charity, pity and sympathy were not to be commended, because these were beneath the dignity of virtue; that man was an essence of the God, and immortality a natural sequence. Rigorous, relentless was Stoical philosophy, and in the highest Roman virtue it found expression, while, Roman vice found shelter in the doctrine of Epicurus."

Stoicism made a Brutus. Epicureanism made a Nero. Yet in Stoical philosophy, the highest expression of any system of morals of Polytheism, we find an unrest, a groping for a stronger hope, a firmer faith.

The doctrine of a personal God began to assert itself; excellency in virtue began to demand an excellency in a god. The gods of Polytheism were subject to all the varying whims of man. They were more human than god-like in their attributes to satisfy the cravings of a seeking soul. With this craving for a God, merciful and just, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man began to dawn in the hearts of men. In the very heart of Stoical Philosophy stood an altar erected to an "Unknown God."

In Greece for centuries had stood another altar. It was not dedicated to any of the Gods

in Greece. It stood alone and suppliants thronged around it, but no symbol of effigy was engraved upon it. It was an altar dedicated to Pity. It was a golden thread in the mythological religion of that nation, that charity lies at the foundation of all morality. This altar of Pity was another altar to an "Unknown God." To pity is human, but to love, the very essence of charity, is divine.

It appears that the very nature of man was struggling unaided to attain the truth. The fault lay not in the human heart, but in the religion of the people. The world was ready and stood waiting for a teacher. Where was the teacher? He came out of Jewry. Monotheism invaded the broad empire of Rome. The promulgators of the doctrine of a personal God came without pomp or retinue, humble, poor and persecuted, proclaiming the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. They came speaking with authority. The religion of a one God, merciful, holy and just, was a revelation to king and slave, the key to the mysteries of philosophical speculation. Stoicism crumbled. The altars to an unknown God were torn down. The altar of a personal God, the Jehovah was erected; the altar of charity and love for man was thronged with its devotees; on one side was inscribed in imperishable words "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—on the other, in letters of living light, "The Golden Rule."

The religion of Polytheism and the philosophy of that religion was shaken to its center. They tottered and fell.

Masonry is not seeking for an unknown God. It is not a system of speculation of metaphysical research. But it is a plain system of morality erected upon a belief that breathes a spirit of love, of charity and of benevolence. From the shores of Galilee and from the hills and vales of Palestine came this faith, this hope. The triumphant message, the foundation of all morality has been laid—"It is finished."

When we contemplate Masonry resting upon this fundamental, it would seem as if its ancestry partakes of divinity, and to partake and enjoy such a heritage is to be princess and kings in one of the noblest of agencies ever given to man. To be a Mason is to be an honored name. To live in its spirit is to be adorned with more than regal splendor, or to wear the diadem of a Caesar.

Masonry must out of necessity be a handmaid to every agency that has for its end the amelioration of the human family. While it does not presume to be a church, it draws its inspiration from the same source, and walks hand in hand in the broad field of Humanities' needs. Masonry cannot, from its very inception, antagonize religion but it is to the church, of whatever creed, a firm defender. It stands today the proud champion of religion and religious liberty, but the foe of irreligion and irreligious liberty; for a belief, but not bigotry; for zeal but not fanaticism; for

freedom, but not license; for tolerance, but not anarchy; for purity, but not blasphemy; for patriotism, but not treason; for sobriety, but not intemperance; for hope, and not despair. Masonry knows no nationality, but its kingdom is in the hearts of men. Her power is not in conquering hosts on the field of battle, but in the silent force of the individuality of its members, in the home, in the community and in the State. Masonry has torn down the altar of Pity and erected a greater and grander one in its place. Demons pity, only to hate. Our altar erected upon the very foundation of our fraternity, becomes love-charity. The brotherhood of man knows more than pity, more than mere compassion, even the excellency of charity.

This public altar can only exist when its prototype has been erected in the hearts of its members. Charity is soul born and the Mason who has not erected this altar in his heart has little Masonry in his soul, and fails to comprehend the fundamentals of Freemasonry. This altar must not be weighed in the balance with dollars and cents. You can not estimate an immortal soul, even in the humblest and meanest of a tenement, by gold or silver. More precious than the rarest gems, more enduring than the monuments of the finest marble, who shall estimate the value of this altar? He, only who created it, infinite in love and compassion. Shame on the Mason who claims to build on the "Rock of Ages" and has not erected an altar to charity in his heart.

The noblest heritage of our great Fraternity is its golden fruitage; in it I rejoice, and it matters not whence Masonry came, so long as every fire of its structure thrills with every attribute that ennobles man, that brings joy to the sorrowing, is a harbinger of peace in distress, a messenger of good will to the unfortunate, an angel of hope to the despairing, and a star of faith to the wandering.

This is the fundamental principle of Freemasonry. When did it begin? When the morning stars sang together, when the Infinite rolled the earth into space; when he took from his royal casket his rarest of gems and scattered them into infinite space and set them as stars in the heavens; when the first merry laughter of childhood filled the world with gladness; when the first cry of the infant established the motherhood of woman and the fatherhood of man; when the last sigh of the first expiring humanity on the earth was a signal of hope and a pean of victory over death and the grave, Masonry was there, for Masonry is beneficence.